

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1864.

"Almost a Heroine."

BY LESLIE WALTER.

Pretty Margaret Athole sat alone in the silent state of her mother's best parlor, dreaming over a book—"The Heroines of History." Sunk in the luxurious lap of a velvet arm-chair, her feet on an embroidered ottoman, her shoulders protected from any wandering draught by a brilliant little breakfast shawl—lighted by sunshine that streamed through lace curtains, warmed by glowing coal in a steel grate, her fair self becomingly and tastefully arrayed, as the mirror above the mantel-shelf was ready to show her, if she lifted her thoughtful eyes, it was not unpleasant to sit and muse over heroic deeds, or long to emulate them. She felt within her the stirring and prompting of wishes which she mistook for energies; and fancied she too might be a heroine, could occasion serve, like these she so much admired. Ardently she desired to attain to that dangerous eminence, deeply she lamented that Heaven had cast her lot in obscurely pleasant places, and denied her the power to influence the fate of nations by her wonderful deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice; forgetting the many disagreeable incidents pertaining to the doing of such, of which she had but small experience. "I might have been a Joan of Arc, a Maid of Saragossa," she meditated, "and given my life to save my country. I am sure I should have been willing to do it; I don't see why such things can't happen now. But the world has grown so flat and prosaic, there really seems to be nothing worth living for! One has no

chance to do good to one's fellow creatures! I wish I could be a heroine!"

She raised her eyes a moment, and blushed in spite of herself at the vanity and pleasure that led them to linger long on the reflection of the delicate face and figure in the glass before her. The room was a very pretty one, being the best parlor, into which were collected the choicest ornaments of the house, but she was the prettiest it contained. The painted heads of the pictures on the walls were not more graceful than hers, crowned with fair soft hair, that her mother had delighted to roll over her fingers in silken curls, all the years that she had been her only darling—the pink camellia in the window, was not more bright than her blossom-like cheeks, nor the turquois in her forget-me-not ring, bluer than her blue eyes. Her playmate, Dick Salisbury, had given her the keepsake when he went away to South America, and left her a mere budding Miss, a school-girl beauty seven years before—a token that she was to wear, he said, till he could put a bride's betrothal diamond in its place, and later, and better still perhaps, the plain gold ring of a wife. Was he right? she thought—was this to be her future, and this alone? Her father had frowned at this precocious love-making, her mother smiled at their childish nonsense, she herself had only cared to retain the gift for its beauty, and Dick Salisbury had been long ago forgotten in a host of newer conquests, till he lately reappeared, a grown man now, bronzed and bearded, a dark, grave, gentlemanly stranger, with whom she had nothing in common any more. The question, however, remained the

same, was she fit only for the calm, domestic love of home and husband, with no hope of being a heroine?

She tried to fancy herself in the wreath and veil of a bride, with all the paraphernalia of silk, and lace, and jewelry, wedding presents and bridal wishes—then the mistress of a pretty little house like Dolly Morton's—her schoolmate, lately married—gently ordering, calmly directing, as her mother had done; gliding through life in the same tranquil ease and unexciting happiness that had always been her lot—but must this be all? Was there no sacrifice to be made, no heroic deed to be performed, which she alone could do, and gild the dull, common routine of existence with a brighter glory? Ah! Margaret! you know little of the sacrifice that often is consummated in the flower crown of the bride, the stern duties that wait upon the wife, whose domestic tasks you think so easy and so light!—of the small heroisms of home, the silent, secret, unrecorded deeds of nobleness and goodness, performed by those whom you ignorantly imagine dismissed to a life of quiet repose and monotonous happiness! Her gaze, half dissatisfied, half pleased, still lingered on the mirror. "There it is," she thought, "my father's 'curly-headed pet,' my mother's 'little daughter,' my cousin Clement's 'Daisy,' a sort of idle, doll-like creature that anybody may tease, and spoil, and make a plaything of, and that nobody thinks has any higher aims or objects than to be dressed, and indulged, and flattered, and finally carried away perhaps to ornament another house instead of this! Oh, why have circumstances made me seem so trivial and unworthy? Surely I am fit for something better, and if I had but the opportunity could glory in striving and sacrifice for the good of others, and prove myself somehow a heroine!"

The door opened, and her heroic visions were dispelled by the kindly greeting and hearty Scotch accent of her Uncle John, a sensible, elderly bachelor, her chief confidant and counsellor, since he mingled with the tender indulgence which she received from her parents, much wise advice and gentle admonition, that they had not the heart to bestow. It was not long before he was in the secret of the temporary discontent which clouded Margaret's fair face, and had won her to tell him, between laughing and blushing, her aspiration to be made a heroine. Holding her dimpled, childish hand in his, he listened gravely to the end.

"And what would you do, bairnie," he tenderly asked, when she had finished, "had ye your wish? Would you lead your legions to war, like Queen Boadicea, or sell your gown to feed them like Elizabeth of Thuringia? Would you save men's lives, as Grace Darling did, or assassinate them, like Charlotte Corday? There seems little choice in your ambition, Maggie."

"I—hardly know," faltered Margaret. "I—I think I want to do somebody good."

"Lassie, is there naught that ye can do at home? I know we're a thriving race, God be thanked for it! and there is little need for you to stain your white hands with toil, or bend your fair brows into wrinkles with care and trouble. But, Margaret, are these all? There's a debt, my bonnie little girl, that we owe to others, that you can help to pay! there's heroism and self-sacrifice needed in even so happy a home as this, if you choose to seek a cause. Look for a chance to show these, my dear, and you'll find it not far off! Watch and wait and you'll be a heroine yet?"

Mrs. Athole came in just as her brother-in-law ceased speaking, with her handsome matronly face a little overclouded by some unaccustomed care or annoyance. It was most unusual for her to bring any household matters before her family, her domestic affairs always moved on with the smoothness and regularity of machinery, and the petted daughter knew or thought as little of their mysteries as of those of the government under which she lived. But a momentous crisis had arrived, and her romantic dreams took flight with the first words her mother spoke.

"My dear," she began, "I hardly know what to do. I gave Jane a week's leave of absence yesterday, and to-day Sarah's mother is so sick she has been obliged to go home. The new washerwoman has come, and there is no one to attend to her, and see that she does things properly, while I am busy helping Amy up stairs. Could you go down for a little while?"

Margaret hesitated; she dreaded the encounter with the washing day confusion below, heretofore carefully avoided—the soap, the steam, the slop; the coarse brogue of the presiding genius; the pile of unwashed linen, the tubs, pails, and baskets, among which she must endanger her delicate dress, and betake her fairy slippers. Such a life as hers has a tendency to foster selfishness and dainty fastidiousness. "I am afraid I could not do much good, mamma," she began, certain that

at any sign of reluctance, her mother would instantly absolve her from the performance of the disagreeable duty; but stopped as she caught her uncle's eye; earnest, grave, inquiring. "These are the heroisms of home," it seemed to say, "here are trials that may be encountered, sacrifices that may be made, from which you shrink, that seek to emulate more noisy deeds, and be a heroine!"

With a deep blush she rose up at once, and laying her unfinished book on the table, went away quickly, with a thoughtful look gradually gathering upon her pretty face. Down the dark winding servants' stairs, which she so detested; into the bare, narrow back entry; through the kitchen, redolent with the soapy steam she dreaded; mingling with the morning's smoke of fried fish and browned coffee; down a little breakneck step, slippery with suds, and thence into the washroom, littered with the pans, and pots, and pails she had expected, and the floor in damp confusion, above all which, a large figure, dimly visible through a cloud of steam, was plying her task vigorously, and shaking the very windows with the powerful strokes of her strong arms.

Margaret's duties were to take charge of the collars, laces, and such fine articles when washed, and put them away for Sarah to starch after she returned; to find what the new-comer needed, and show her where it was kept, that she might remember hereafter; and to repeat the directions Mrs. Athole had intrusted to her, concerning the proper order in which the work should be done. To all that was said, the woman listened respectfully, and replied in a quiet, subdued manner, and with a correctness of speech that relieved Margaret from her fears of rudeness in her associate. She looked worn and weary, but worked on steadily in a dejected, taciturn way, with increasing difficulty, concentrating her strength resolutely upon her task till its completion gave her a right to rest.

It was time, for she was hardly able to walk to the chair that received her, and wiping the water from her sodden fingers, leaned her poor head upon them, utterly exhausted.

"What is the matter?" cried Margaret, frightened. "What shall I do?—you are sick, let me get you something—or, I'll call mamma."

The woman stopped her before she reached the door, with a quiet refusal—

"I'm not sick, Miss, it isn't that, only weakness; I shall be better soon. If you'd

give me a bit of bread and meat—I've had nothing to-day."

Margaret was horrified, perhaps it was customary for the washerwoman to come to breakfast, and this poor creature was starving through her fault. In great haste and agitation, she went to the pantry and brought out the choicest things it contained, but her patient turned from these to the plain food she had requested, which she ate with the keen hunger of privation. The delicately-bred young lady looked on and listened in pitying amazement, while the refreshments were being devoured and the apologies made that followed.

"It's not often that I'm caught with nothing to eat in the house of a Saturday night, for I'm strong and willing to work, if I could get it to do. But the times *are* hard, and I blame nobody. And it was better I should go without than the children; they need it and more, poor little souls! but I didn't think my strength would have gone so."

"Do you mean to say," asked Margaret, slowly gathering her dismayed faculties, "that you suffer for want of food?"

"God help us, Miss, we do—sometimes—not often. There are many like we, you see, soldiers' widows or wives perhaps, beside the city poor. Not that we would ask charity or need it, if we could get our own. But the government is so slow, and its nobody's business to attend to us, so unless we can get work it is hard to live. It's not your fault, though, Miss, and you shouldn't take it to heart so," finished the woman, alarmed by Margaret's sobs of self-reproachful sorrow.

"It is my fault," thought the girl, "and the fault of all those who sit at home in ease and luxury, and forget how hard the world may be to others. Yet I fancied it my vocation to bestow happiness, to relieve pain; and dreaming of impossible deeds, never looked for, or sought to help the real suffering so near! But I will try to do better, and put away my idle, useless visions for something that does practical good. 'I'll give you food, and clothes, and money,' she said aloud. 'You shall not suffer again. Tell me what else to do?'"

"I couldn't live on charity, Miss," the woman quietly replied; "I would rather work, and earn what I get."

"Stop, my dear!" interrupted Mrs. Athole, who coming down to see what delayed Margaret so long, had heard much of this conversation. She laid her hand upon her daughter's

shoulder, and turning the flushed and eager young face to hers, prevented her reply with a kiss. "She is right, though you are not wrong—we may help her in many ways, yet regular employment is her greatest need, after all. What work have you been accustomed to do?"

"Making and getting up gentlemen's linen, ma'am. I can do it as well as most, though I say it; it was my business before I was married. I do go out to do laundry work, or sewing, or scrubbing by the day—anything that I can get to do, almost; but then my children are so small, I must pay some one to look after them, and that takes from the wages."

"It does indeed," thought Mrs. Athole, glancing at the sun she held in her hand—a poor pittance it seemed for such needs, though treble the amount she usually gave for the service rendered. "We must try to get you work to be done at home," was her conclusion, "though I hardly know where to apply for it."

"But I do, mamma," cried Margaret, starting up, her blue eyes brightening, her fair cheeks aflame. "There is Uncle John, and cousin Clement, and—yes—Dick Salisbury, and the young gentlemen that call here; they would all be willing to employ her, I know."

"And who will ask them?" suggested her mother.

"I will."

"I can't consent to it," returned Mrs. Athole hastily, but yet she did consent, for she was accustomed to refuse nothing to her petted daughter, and having visited the woman's house, ascertained her respectability and given her temporary assistance, she abandoned her unsuccessful attempts to obtain employment for her among her own friends, and gradually withdrew her opposition to Margaret's undertaking, forgetting that she had ever considered it unadvisable. Poor Margaret on her own part, had many more misgivings to combat and much secret reluctance to bring to her unusual task. How was she to ask people for their washing? But she remembered the poor little scantily clothed children, and the empty cupboard, bare as 'old mother Hubbard's, for which she had promised to obtain that which would bring them steady supplies; and was ashamed of her shame. Her cousin Clement called, and she preferred her request, stoutly sustaining it with such arguments as she was able to bring. He sat quite transfixed by astonishment.

"The little puss is mad!" he declared,

"frantic, demented, insane! I, who am famous for my faultless linen—quite the town-talk, I assure you!—must take it away from the laundry in S—— street, from whence it comes forth white, smooth, and shining as an Alpine glacier, and give it at her bidding to some unknown female in an inaccessible alley, who will send it back (if she sends it at all) stiff, stark, and sooty, and covered with bits of paste! Ugh! Ask half my fortune, little cousin, but don't demand this sacrifice, for if you command, I must obey!"

"But the laundry on S—— street doesn't need your custom."

"Oh, no, I suppose not."

"And this poor woman does; she was almost starving, Clement, think of that! Besides, she does work well, mamma says so! And at any rate let her sew for you, wont you? if you will not trust her with the rest?"

"No, Daisy, if I do anything, I'll go the whole figure. Has she any references?"

"I'm her reference."

"And you promise that she shall not starch in flour pudding, nor iron with the snuffer tray, nor cut down my garments for her deserv-
ing children, nor pawn them for rum?"

"I promise," Margaret answered, between laughing and crying.

"You are to be responsible for her keeping my wardrobe supplied with clean clothes? I don't hope much more."

"Always; and in return you must recommend her to all your friends."

"How can I do that, until I know how she does for me? No, I'll bring them here, and you shall ask them yourself."

And Margaret could obtain no further concession from him, and was obliged to make up her mind to perform this unpleasant duty, if she really wished to help her poor protégé. She thought of having cards written or printed, that she might give her visitors with no further explanation or request; but a remembrance of the great competition for all such work, convinced her that no mere advertisement, however circulated, would attain the end she desired. It needed all her personal influence, her earnest pleading, her heartfelt aid—and these she resolved to give.

Miss Athole was a belle in her own circle, and had among her callers many admirers; but she had never so carefully reckoned their number, as during the time of her canvass for the object of her sympathy; when every ring at the door bell, made her start with nervous anticipation. She succeeded however

in presenting her case plainly and satisfactorily to most of these, and faced Clement's band of collegians like a heroine, when they came. She played and sang for them, she gave them refreshments, she made herself infinitely charming, and when at last they rose to go, told her story, and made her appeal.

Two or three smiled, the rest were politely serious in their reception of her request, though evidently dismayed by its strangeness and suddenness. One took out his pocket-book with an air of experience:—

"If it is in charity," he hinted, opening a roll of notes.

"But it is not," returned Margaret, rejecting with a motion of her hand, the proffered bank bill. "The person of whom I speak is not a beggar, nor am I for her; she is an industrious working-woman, who will be glad of your custom, if you choose to give it, which I don't ask you to do, till my cousin can conscientiously recommend her."

Her voice did not falter, though her cheeks burnt hotly, and they thought she had never looked more beautiful than while advocating this surprising cause. "Your recommendation will be quite sufficient, Miss Athole," they hastened to assure her, and good-naturedly adding their names to her list, went away.

Only Richard Salisbury remained to be asked, and he had come and gone once or twice, without her having found courage to speak to him on the subject. More than any other she was jealous of his good opinion, and fearful of risking it, postponed the dreaded task. Many a time, he had started from her in almost open disappointment, at some silly, trifling speech, some foolish bit of coquetry or vanity, some luckless symptom of the surface faults, that were the natural result of the spoiling she had received, and her own excessive prettiness. He evidently rated her only as a beautiful child, a toy, a plaything, whose fair outside but mocked him with the semblance of the jewel he had once hoped to win—and found more pain than pleasure in comparing the present reality with the image his mind had retained through years of absence, of his past childish love, his pet and playmate. Yet he continued to seek her society, and of late she had fancied that his manner was more tender and gentle, and that his dark expressive eyes, so often bent upon her in wondering scrutiny that seemed to seek in vain for a token of the free, frank nature he had loved in boyhood, mingled some

softness with their keen regards. She was conscious of a change in her own mind since she had become more thoughtful for others' good, and less light-hearted in the ignorance of others' suffering, but she did not know what a true and tender charm it gave her beauty, and rated her own cowardice with bitter self-reproach and many tears. Surely she must be more selfish and weak even than she had known, and the feeling must be conquered in behalf of the duty she had undertaken. So when next Dick Salisbury called he could not understand her fair, resolute face, nor the steady voice in which she broke upon the first pause in the conversation—

"Will you do me a favor, Mr. Salisbury?"

"A thousand, Margaret, if I can," said Richard, with an echo of the old time tenderness in his voice; "what is it?"

"She wants to recommend you to a laundress," burst in Clement, who had "run down" opportunely for a twilight talk with his pretty cousin, "and I'm the illustration to her text. How does this look?" he continued, turning back his coat cuffs to show a pair of snowy wristbands, and throwing open his vest, for the better display of a dazzling shirt bosom and collar. "Are we satisfactory? do we shine?"

"Undoubtedly, my dear fellow, but you are interrupting your cousin; I don't think that is what she was about to say."

"Yes," assented Margaret, secretly trembling but outwardly firm, "and I mean to ask you for your custom if you will let me. Will you give it to her?"

"And what interest have you in this woman?" he inquired.

"A very great one," she softly answered.

Richard Salisbury looked at her with his dark penetrating eyes, as if he would read her very soul, but her lashes were not lifted, and she seemed anxiously awaiting his reply. Before he could give it, Clement had again interrupted, and relieved the embarrassment she felt, though unconscious of the steady gaze fixed upon her.

"Aren't we resplendent?" he exclaimed. "I knew I was destined to be remarkable for something, and now I see it is wristbands! I shall be a second Brummel, only that *his* forte was cravats. Accept my eternal gratitude, Daisy, in return for the introduction to the unparalleled Schwartz."

"And did she really do that?" cried Margaret, delighted; "was it Mrs. Schwartz?"

"She did; she is a treasure, and I am her

walking advertisement. I bore all my friends with her perfections—I go on the cricket ground with my sleeves rolled up à la Heenan, to show my cuffs, and challenge the other fellows to bring out their washerwomen."

The evening passed rapidly away and the young men took their leave, but while Clement was fumbling for his overshoes in the hall, Salisbury stepped quickly back to the room where he had left his pretty hostess, and bending over her, took her hand in his with more warmth of manner than he had yet displayed towards her.

"I came back to ask," he rapidly articulated, "if you were sincere in the request you made to-night. Do you really wish to help this poor woman? Shall I obey you, in earnest?"

"Yes," she answered.

"God bless you, Margaret," he whispered, and lifting her hand to his lips, was gone.

One bright spring morning a few months later, Margaret was sitting in her favorite place, in the pretty parlor, dreaming in the same old way, and almost in the same graceful attitude. But her thoughts were not now with "the Heroines of History," and their record lay undisturbed on the table where she had placed it, yet unfinished. In this short time she had learnt much of labor and self-sacrifice, and care for others; the "small heroisms of home" had grown important; not less so, the future of its ties of love and duty; "her castles in the air" had been replaced by practical plans of usefulness and kindness; heroic visions were laid to rest forever; and idle aspirations troubled her no more. A bouquet stood near, with which her mind seemed much more happily engaged, for she often turned to touch the flowers caressingly or refreshed her face with their fragrant petals. A note which had accompanied them lay on her lap, and she might be excused for musing long over it, for in it Richard Salisbury asked her to drive with him that afternoon, and hear a long delayed confession. She could hardly be mistaken in guessing its meaning, for his manner had been more and more lover-like, and she had learned to be fonder of him than even in the old school days, when she was a little curly-headed girl, and he her tall boy-lover, who warded off from her the troublesome attentions of others. The future seemed very bright to-day, and the world very happy; she might have dreamed away all the hours of the sunny morning, but that upon her meditations, burst in, as usual, her cousin Clement—

"She is faithless!" he cried, "after all! She has taken us in!"

"Oh, who?" asked Margaret, startled.

"That woman of yours, that laundress."

"What has she done?"

"With my clothes, do you mean? I don't know, I wish I did. All my class are in the same boat, there isn't a clean handkerchief among us; I suppose she has stolen them at last, not being able to resist temptation any longer. Petit larceny you may call it, but I say Grand."

"But why."

"Why tell you? because you are responsible for her, you know," and having thrown his shot, mischief-loving Clement rushed out as rapidly as he had rushed in, while poor Margaret, sighing deeply, arose and went to the house of her protégé.

It was too true that Mrs. Schwartz's work had not been done as usual, for she was sick in bed with a sudden attack of rheumatism, and crying pitifully to think that her customers must soon desert her; for though none had complained as yet, she was sadly in arrears, and no one could be found to supply her place. Margaret comforted her as well as she could, inspected the mighty basket of clean clothes, which stood ready for ironing, saw to the children's breakfast, and then promising to return soon, went quickly home. Going up stairs at once, she changed her dress for a plainer one, and put her head into her mother's room—

"I am going away, to be gone all day, mamma."

"Very well, my dear, but what about your drive with Mr. Salisbury?"

"Beg him to excuse me, and tell him I was suddenly called away."

She came down stairs with a slower step, and sighing in spite of herself; this message, the only one she could send, might be misconstrued—after the tone of his own letter—into an intentional rebuff. Then the pleasure she had anticipated was too sweet, too precious to miss! But the contest was short, and the victory certain, and when Margaret arrived at the widow's house again, her step was light, and her face serene.

"I am going to be laundress to-day," was her announcement, as she took off her bonnet and proceeded to her task. Mrs. Schwartz remonstrated, but her visitor was firm. "You shall not lose your customers," she said. "I'm responsible for them and to them, you recollect. Hereafter I'll get somebody, to-day

there is no time; I know how, and what I don't know, you can show me."

Fortunately there was not very much to be done, for the clothes were all ready to be ironed, and Margaret had only to do this with what skill she possessed. The sick woman, bolstered up in a chair near by, directed the operation, sometimes with tears in her grateful eyes, but oftener cheered by her bright young guest, from whose deft fingers the folded garments came white, and smooth, and polished, as usual, in spite of the burns and scratches, self-inflicted, in the course of her unaccustomed task. All that long bright spring day, Margaret toiled unweariedly, her fair hair pushed back from her heated temples, her feverish cheeks glowing in the stifling atmosphere, her sleeves rolled up on her white arms, to give her hands free play. Two gentlemen, the one brought there by curiosity, the other by a deeper feeling, beheld this spectacle through the open window, from afar, and walked away, and made no sign. But that night, as Margaret, tired in limbs, but sweet in face and serene in spirit, having seen her work duly distributed, and received the widow's thanks and blessings, took her leave, some one met her at the corner of the street, in the dusky twilight, and walking slowly home by her side, made the postponed confession. How he had long fancied her but a heartless beauty, a gay coquette, a pretty doll, and had almost grown to despise the love he had cherished for so many years—till he suddenly found his mistake, and learned the worth of a lovely character, for distrusting which he could never do penance enough. And then Margaret, laughing, but with tears in her happy eyes, had her confession too; that she had forgotten her childish love, and been but the vainstrifler he fancied her, while believing herself capable of heroic virtues. That she had fallen suddenly from these vague, visionary heights to her proper level, and discovered her own selfishness, folly and cowardice, by the actual test of experience; since which she had tried to do better. But she does not dream in her sweet humility, that the ideal she so admired, she has almost realized, in the "beauty of her daily life" at home; nor will her husband's adoration, or the praise of friends, convince her innocent heart how near she has come to being a heroine.

Many persons write articles and send them to an editor to be corrected, as if an editor's office were a house of correction.

Victory.

BY SARA ADELA WESTZ.

A south wind stirred among the cedars, and shook petals from the apple blossoms to her feet. She stood upon the river's quiet brink, with the garden between her and the house; her palms were pressed together as if she wrestled with herself, and she shook her bended head shudderingly, as if she dared not look up for guidance to the Being who might require of her—sacrifice! only sacrifice! How little she had understood the pitiful word; it reached to every side of her spirit, and her soul seemed world-wide in its apprehensions about her fate. One hand rested upon an apple-bough above her drooping head—that fair head so classically crowned with soft brown hair; she thought his hand would stroke it tenderly when she was arranging it two hours ago. The wind awayed to and fro the light muslin dress that she wore; it arrested her eye, and she clenched the floating folds as if they mocked her with the words he spoke when first he saw her wear it—"You look so pure in that!" Most blessed of all words they seemed to her then. That night when she prayed, she had entreated, "O, my Father, make me pure, wholly pure, at any cost! Make my spiritual nature beautiful, even though it be through supreme suffering!"

Ah! what had she known of suffering then? There had seemed a deep poetry about it; and she saw it now; she thirsted to be pure and beautiful, with airs of Eden floating through the temple of her being, for his sake; that she might be loved humanly. What if there were no way to make her so, except the way of renunciation? What if she must take up one bleeding tendril of her heart after another and wrench them from him? Could she fasten them upon the great and dreadful God?

"Margery! Margery!" called a childish voice, and her little sister laughed with glee to have found her. She looked impatiently upon the child at first, then a tide of strange emotion swept into her stony eyes; she held out both arms, and her lips strove to part in a smile. She sat down on the ground and took the little one in her arms, pressing her against her breast with divinest pity; her tears fell upon the golden head, and her heart burst forth, "O; Christ, even so Thou didst pity me in my happy days, knowing that I should be broken on a rock!"

"I've been in the arbor with Sophie and Mr. Ingham, Margery," said little Jessie.

"Is he there?" was the sharp demand, and the girl sprang up, setting down the child so roughly that she cried an instant. "Go into the house, Jessie. Don't go near the arbor. Go!"

Jessie obeyed, and Margery fled like a wild animal along the river bank; she was trying to flee from everything that made up the sum of her existence. O to hide! to find some place where Paul should never see her in her mortally wounded condition! She stopped at last and looked upon the cool river—ah! with such desire!—but the great and dreadful God held her back. The water was shallow at a short distance above, and here and there a stone appeared above the surface; she crossed slowly, looking down and observing with a sensation of relief that her feet got wet; she knew that people took cold in that way and died after awhile. She plunged into dense woods free from underbrush, and wandered about until the sun had set and the early moon hung in the May sky; the dew came down, but did not fade the brilliant fire that burned on her cheeks; it was fed by a devouring heart-flame. She arrested herself suddenly, and uttered, "He will think I am hurt—hurt even as I am—if I do not appear at the tea-table!"

Then she put up her hand to see if her hair was disordered; the wind had blown it a little. She gathered some wild vines and wove them into a wreath as she hastily walked homeward; this she threw over her head as she entered the dining-room door with a smile. She was not absolutely beautiful, but she looked so at this moment when Paul Ingham's eyes fell upon her; she looked radiant and queenly, with the flashing light in her eyes, the rose in her cheeks, and deep coral on her proud lips. Her father and mother, with Mr. Ingham, her friend Sophie, and little Jessie, sat at the table.

"How late I am!" she exclaimed. "And what a ramble I have had!"

"We expected you before," said Sophie.

Paul said nothing, but there was an undimmed anxiety in his searching eyes, and a slight compression of his under lip, as he watched all her movements. He had directed Jessie to find her, and knew that she was aware of his visit. Had she looked at him, he would have taken possession of her; he would, without knowing his power, have asserted sway over her wretched spirit, and have drawn her out of the abyss of torture in which she had been thrust by Sophie. But she had a woman's art, and she acted ably the part she had set

herself to fulfil; there was a sense that told her Paul watched her curiously, and this observation was like a buoyant wave beneath her; never had she seemed so artless, so fascinating. Pride in some natures is so powerful, that in certain emergencies it wholly puts off its ordinary ultimatum, and seizes the helm of the mind, ordering every faculty to do its behest. Paul thought Margery was never so bewitching and so unapproachable; there was no tie between them; he had never told her of his love; it was rather because the young girl had flown with startled timidity to other topics when he would have done so, than because he had not intended it; he wished now, with a kind of terrible throe that he had secured her before, that he might take her hand; lead her away, question her, and make her look at him.

When tea was over, she went to a side table, took up a goose quill, and, approaching Mr. Ingham, said carelessly—

"O, will you mend this pen for me? I prefer the ancient style of writing to any gold pen that can be manufactured. I have two letters that I must write this evening, and, if you will all promise not to trouble me, I'll write them in the parlor; otherwise I shall mount to my sanctum and leave you."

"O don't go up stairs, Margery," said Sophie, putting an arm around her.

Shall I tell the truth, and say that Margery wished that Sophie lay dead before her? Yes, that was the thought that came; but she resisted it mightily. She wished even more—that she lay dead herself. She put her two hands on Jessie's white shoulders and leaned over her, whispering to her to go and get her face washed. The little golden head seemed to come between her and perdition; when she lifted herself, the snake-like arm was withdrawn.

"I will try not to trouble you, Miss Margery, as much as you trouble me by this industrious letter-writing," said Mr. Ingham, as he handed her the pen.

"That is very magnanimous and devoted—a beautiful state of mind," she responded, trying the nib of the pen on her thumb nail. "Come, Jessie, let me wash the clouds of honey from your countenance—I see that you don't respect my suggestion and start off yourself."

She led the child away, and soon reappeared with her in the parlor, where her father, Mr. Ingham and Sophie sat; the two latter were near a window, and Paul held a skein of

worsted, which Sophie was winding. Margery seated herself at a little stand, laid her writing-paper before her, while her heart seemed to clutch itself at sound of two voices. She had come there to hide her hurt by appearing somewhat as usual; she looked around, with suspended pen, and remarked—

"What a lovely shade of worsted, Sophie!"

She did not hear the answer, but dated her letter. Then, all unconscious of what her pen was tracing, she wrote—

"MY DARLING SOPHIE—I will be with you this afternoon.
PAUL INGHAM."

It was that day only that she had picked up an open note in Sophie's room bearing these words. Sophie had been a friend from childhood; but as years developed the two girls, Margery had discovered their lack of congeniality; all that flashed over her as rich, and rare, and generous, she drew back from Sophie's sight, as if she might breathe upon it and tarnish it. With some friends Margery would give way to joyous bursts of enthusiasm; with Sophie her spontaneity was petrified; yet every year the handsome, showy, witty girl came to visit her—or rather she came to visit the town, the house, the fresh air, the dinner-table, the evening ride, the gentlemen who frequented the house.

Margery always felt her heart give a bound of dread when she received a letter announcing one of these visits; but she almost always went straight to her chamber after perusing the epistle, locked her door, dropt on her knees, and prayed to take the event as heaven-sent, and this style of spirit preparation enabled her to receive her old companion with kindness. She made sacrifices to her pleasure so cheerfully, one would not have suspected the friction she had undergone. One day her mother said anxiously—

"I fear, my child, Sophie will not have an elevating influence over you."

"Why, mother," Margery had responded archly, "I have flattered myself that she was making an angel of me very fast!"

"Be watchful lest she make you an angel of darkness," was the smiling rejoinder.

These words recurred to Margery in the midst of her torture, while her heart was reiterating, "O, that she were dead—dead—dead! Her siren wiles will drag him to the bottomless pit as well as me!"

That was an hour when Margery Gray hung suspended over hell; she of whom mothers had said, "How noble and conscientious she is!"

She saw it all; it was her supreme hour; she sat there acting a part, disguising before human eyes that friends and angels contended fiercely for her, and that her panting heart locked itself to the purposes of the fiends. It is not so much the evil thoughts that come to us that determine our character; it is the mightiness of the struggle to conquer them that can swing us from hell to the third heaven. She trembled in the grasp of the demons that had come for her that day, and lifted her agonized eyes mutely upwards, while her heart moaned, "They will tear me in pieces and none can deliver."

Even then help was not so far off as she thought; she had lost all track of the conversation going on about her, but at this instant she heard her father's good, protecting voice in these words, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

How she longed to cast herself in his arms and have him press her close against his breast—her good father! "the serene of peace" seemed to emanate from his whole being.

Soon after this there was a stir, and Mr. Ingham took his leave; they all shook hands with him, Margery among the rest. She watched his retreating form from the window—oh, with what infinite love and anguish. Sophie went to the door with him; how often she had done so. As that thought came, the burning flame leaped more cruelly to her cheek—perhaps she had sometimes gone alone when he would have preferred Sophie; she had mistaken a transient, slight penchant for such sad love as she experienced. Did she not remember now with what gay abandon he had laughed at Sophie's wit? The wit had seemed charming to her then.

She went to her chamber as soon as possible, and the word *overcome*, thrilled her, stung her, inspired her, demanded her, even down to the roots of her heart; she was brave, she fell down prostrate, but when her forehead touched the dirt, she said, "I will overcome!" Why tell of the long night spent in wrestling with devouring temptation! Why tell that she wept before God and found no answer! When morning came, her hate of Sophie seized her anew; it had at some instants been allayed. How to meet her; how to speak gently to her. All at once she recalled some advice her father gave her when she was angry with a school-mate. "Take her a bunch of flowers," said he, "and at the moment you hand them to her with kind feeling, God will lay an unseen

flower on your lips." She had done this with exquisite faith, and she remembered even yet the holy wonder that rolled over her spirit as her schoolmate caught her in her arms, saying, "How good you are!"

Margery went to the garden with weary, shrinking step, as a condemned criminal obeys another's will. "I do not love her," she said as she plucked a flower; "why perform an act that symbolizes love?" But a constraining angel made her feel that a good motive was the only kind of love of which she was at present capable; she *must* put her hand to some outward deed that would testify to her conscience a desire to attain a spirit of forgiveness. So sitting on a rustic bench, she wove many blossoms into a bouquet. She and Sophie entered the breakfast-room at the same moment by different doors. "Here are some flowers, Sophie," she said, laying them by her plate.

Sophie eyed her keenly as she thanked her, not in the least comprehending the terrible paths through which Margery had walked in the night-time, until they had led her to that simple act—that mighty act. Yes; it seemed for a few moments to lift the vulture from her heart; a gleam from the unclouded glory beamed above her, for a few moments only.

After breakfast, Sophie went directly to her music as usual. Margery said—"Mother, may I have some jelly to take to the sick woman at the foot of the hill? Perhaps I may be gone some time."

It seemed necessary to her very breathing that she should be absent from Sophie during this mortal conflict. She visited the poor woman, and remained until she had performed all the little offices that were requisite, then she left her, and obtaining the key of the church, she entered it and locked the door after her. It seemed to her as if she might get nearer to the heart of the Lord if she searched for Him in His temple; she lay prone before Him in such anguish and entreaty as poorer natures never know; she tried to give up the scheme of her life into the All-powerful Hands; but she shuddered to do it. She went home at sunset, and strove hard to appear as usual; she escaped to her room, and sat down by the window in the almost luminous twilight. Her mother came in very soon, and observed the touching expression of the pale, fair face; she softly put her palms on each cheek, and lifting Margery's face a little, kissed her forehead.

"I drop my blessing there," she said. "When you need me, my heart is ready."

"Thank you; not now, mother dear. I need nothing now but to pray that I may do my work."

Benedictions, kisses and tears fell again upon the daughter's face, then Mrs. Gray silently left the room to pray for the stricken one. She suspected the truth, for Sophie had by innuendoes half convinced her of Mr. Ingham's attachment to herself. In half an hour, Sophie entered after knocking.

"I am going away in the morning train!" she exclaimed. "Aunt has written for me. I have oceans of packing to do to-night."

"Can I help you?" asked Margery, almost with eagerness.

"Yes, if you will."

During the next two weeks Margery avoided meeting Mr. Ingham; then at her mother's persuasion she went West and spent three months.

One day, when she was on her return, she stood on the deck of a Hudson river steamer, looking upon the rolling, wooded heights, so brilliant with the gorgeous tints of October. Italy never boasted a lovelier sky, a more transcendent sunset; its luminous glory seemed reflected on her soul.

"Margery!" uttered an eager, startled voice.

She caught the railing by which she stood, and breathed, "Oh!" as she met Paul's eyes; his hand was upon her arm.

"You frightened me," she said; "I thought these people were strangers to me."

He removed his hand and stood silent, regarding her earnestly, while his face alternately flushed and paled; it asked a question which his speechless tongue could not utter. Her eyes fell, and she partially turned away her face; then angry that she had so nearly lost her self-control, she inquired—

"Have you seen my friends recently, Mr. Ingham?"

He paid no attention to her question, but asked—

"Margery, do you dislike me?"

"Certainly not; you have always been one of the kindest of our friends."

"Our friends!" he repeated with a bitter accent. "I once hoped that I was *your* friend."

"Will you not be so?" she said, with arch gentleness; then she pointed out a stately residence, and asked, "Do you like that style of building?"

He followed the direction of her finger, and as she involuntarily turned her face to him for an answer, his eyes fell upon hers with an expression that suffused cheek and brow with

vermillion; her outstretched hand drooped unconsciously.

"Will you give up avoiding me when you get home?" he asked, in a low tone.

She was silent a moment under the spell of the magician; then she thought of Sophie, and that he had turned from one to the other. She raised her head somewhat slowly, somewhat proudly, and answered—

"I shall never intend to treat you with discourtesy, Mr. Ingham!"

He left her side abruptly, and walked up and down the deck; then he returned with eyes that burned in contrast with his paleness, and said—

"I will not lose you, Margery, unless it be God's fiat. I will be patient—I have been patient."

"I think you never found me. Perhaps you found Sophie," she replied, her pride a little touched at the implication that he had come near obtaining her.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Sophie!"

She looked straight at him, and met only an expression of supreme astonishment.

"Did you suppose I cared for Sophie?"

"Did you never care for her?"

"Never! Why, did you think so?"

"I saw a note of yours to her one day."

"I never wrote a word to her. You are under some misapprehension."

Margery blushed at Sophie's intrigue; and, recalling her many little arts to captivate Mr. Ingham, she believed that forgery was added to her stratagems to detach him from her.

"If it had not been for this misapprehension, would I have come nearer winning *this*?" he asked, touching her hand which lay on the railing.

"Yes," was the honest, agitated answer.

"And is it won now? Is it mine?"

She hesitated, while thought after thought swept over her face; then she mutely laid it within his. After a long, low talk, Paul Ingham said—

"It is Sophie who has made this beloved face so thin. I cannot forgive her for it, nor for the bitter days she gave to me."

"Do not say so," said Margery. "I could not have spared Sophie from my life. I hope her work for me is done, but I know the flaming sword was held by her; it drove me from a present Paradise; by a route I would not have chosen, it has pointed me to victory. Common duties have become more significant to me since we last met; I have gained something to carry to heaven with me. Protect me from

looking towards Sophie with blame; it will hurt me."

"Ay, with God's help. Teach me to walk towards heavenly places through your innocent heart, Margery!"

"Innocent?" repeated she, thoughtfully. "I hated her, Paul; but I do not now—I pity her. There have often been times when the everlasting doors of my soul have been lifted up for the entrance of the King of glory, and each time I have prayed light might fall on *her*, so that has made me, perhaps, more innocent than I was."

Woman.

BY E. H. BARKER.

Being of grace! how beautiful art thou!

Theme of the poet's day-dream, and his lyre;

Meekness and love are throned upon thy brow,

And eyes but see thee—only to admire;

The mightiest among men, the great, the free,

Who bow to none on earth, bend lowly unto thee.

And those who scorn thee, they are but the base,

The low, the creeping reptiles of the earth;

The greatest and the noblest of their race

Have sung thy beauty, and adored thy worth;

All who were great in arms, or rich in song,

Have borne thy vision in their hearts along.

Man shuns the couch of sickness; 'tis for thee,

With thy low murmuring voice, and noiseless tread,

To watch the dim eyes, close more tranquilly,

And keep the bright light from the sufferer's bed;

Thou shouldst be seen as I can see thee now,

Thy cool, soft hand upon the burning brow.

Nurse of mankind! even from our breathing hour

To the calm rest of the mysterious grave,

Thou hast a faithful and a fervent power,

In youth to guard us, and in manhood save;

Save our young footsteps from the thousand ways

Of folly and of wrong, wherein our manhood strays.

Be, what thou hast been, still the silken tie

That binds mankind in brotherhood and love;

The sun of youth, the guide of infancy,

Whose steps we follow to the worlds above;

The embodied dream of all we fancy there,

Meek, pure and lovely, like some thing of air.

WAYNESBURG, PA.

A Quaker once hearing a person tell how much he had felt for another who was in distress and needed assistance, dryly asked him:

"Friend, hast thou felt in thy pocket for him?"

The Way Through.

A Sequel to the Story of Janet Strong.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XIV.

Before the next week was gone, Mrs. Winchester was suddenly summoned to New York by her husband, and on the same day Wealthy received letters from some old friends in Europe, who were about to sail for home, and whom she had engaged to meet on their arrival. So she at last decided to accompany her aunt, and Mr. Brainerd volunteered to take charge of the ladies as far as the city, which he would be obliged to leave almost immediately, as some business transactions summoned him West.

Sad with the thought of her friend's departure, and with some thoughts that went into deeper gulfs than this, Janet leaned out of the window one afternoon—the last of Wealthy's visit. The ladies were packing their trunks. Maude was gone to ride with her uncle, and there was what Janet did not often find, and prized accordingly, a prospect of a couple of hours with her books.

But these lay closed on the table at this time, failing to persuade her. She leaned out of the window. It was now among the early days of September, and as her eyes roamed across the landscape they were suddenly concentrated by a young maple, in whose dark green foliage a solitary bough ran up its scarlet torch of leaves.

There had been no frosts as yet. The bough flamed up amid the dead green, a fiery witness of the change and glory to come. So Janet read it, and having a keen fancy for all vivid tints, she resolved to possess this one, deciding with a hasty glance that the bough was low enough to be within her reach.

But, as was natural, she was mistaken here, as she found when she reached the maple tree, which stood in a part of the grounds most remote from the house, near a small, dark grove of cedars and spruces.

Janet recollected a rustic bench which usually stood here, and which would bring the leaves she coveted within her reach, and she went hastily into the grove, which was seldom visited by the family except in the heats of the summer, when its coolness and shade were grateful. And here under the thick shadow of the trees, on the dry leaves which blanketed the ground, Janet came suddenly upon a figure

which it took no second glance to recognize, for it was that of the man she had encountered in the woods. There he lay—his straw hat on the ground, the faint sunlight on the brow, the face, the homely features somewhat softened in slumber, a little smile about the large, kindly mouth—there he lay, and his gun lay beside him.

Amazement held back motion and speech for a moment! What was this stranger doing in Mr. Humphreys' grounds, and above all what did that gun mean beside him? Then in a flash there came back to Janet's memory the shot in the woods, a few nights previous.

Could this man be seeking the life of Ralph Brainerd? A terror seized her that sent a sudden faintness through every limb; a swift instinct took possession of her to fly and inform the household of the danger which lurked in their vicinity, but the sick faintness chained her for a moment to the spot, and in that moment the youth opened his eyes, and saw Janet standing there with her white, frightened face.

"Maggie—Maggie! Is it you?" he said, in a voice hardly raised above a whisper, and yet full of such a sweet tenderness, that the tears thrilled the eyes of Janet Strong, and almost against her will she was constrained to answer—

"You are mistaken. I am not Maggie."

The man rose up now, looking at her with bewilderment and fear in his face; he drew his hands before his eyes much as he had done in the woods, and in that movement the truth seemed to come out with sharp distinctness to his consciousness. He rose to his feet, the large burly figure towering considerably above her head.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said, in a pleasant, sincere kind of voice, which it seemed could never belong to a bad man. "You are the lady whom I met the other day in the woods?"

Janet's terror had quite disappeared now. "I must be mistaken," she thought. "This man does not mean harm to any one." And with that conviction she answered—

"Yes, I am she. I suppose that you are in quest of game about here."

The broad figure was visibly shaken. The man glanced at his gun, with a sharp fierceness in his eyes and a smile—an indescribable one, bitter and stern as that which a wronged and innocent man might carry to his death, touched the mouth that looked so honest and frank a moment before in its sleep.

"Not the kind you think of, I 'apose, though I'm trespassin' on other folks' premises."

"I was not thinking of that, only—only there was a gun fired accidentally in the woods the other night, and it came near killing a friend of ours, and if you should be found lying about here with your fire arms, it might expose you to suspicion."

As Janet ceased speaking, a carriage drove into the grounds, and the wind bore down to the grove the voices of Mr. Humphreys and his guest, in loud talk and laughter.

The young man heard it. The change which came over his face was terrible. His eyes darkened and flashed with a hungry fierceness, every feature sharpened, the kindly mouth settled into a white rigidity; he glanced at his gun and then at Janet, and in that moment she knew that she only stood betwixt Ralph Brainerd and his death!

I think she would have turned and fled, but a sick faintness came over her, in which, after all was no fear for herself, and involuntarily a low moan broke from her lips. The rough brown hand was laid lightly on the shivering girl's arm; and a voice said so kindly, that hearing, one could never have doubted for a moment—

"Don't be afraid, lady. I would not hurt a hair of your head for all the world."

Janet's hands dropped, and she met the youth's eyes with her own, shocked and sorrowful—

"Yes, but you are seeking that man's life."

He held his gaze frankly on her face, even when she put this terrible accusation to his. He did not wince, neither was there the slightest shade of shame or fear in the young face.

"What makes you think so?" he asked, with a manner so calm that it well nigh amounted to indifference.

"Because I read it in your face," answered Janet Strong.

"Then there wont be any use in denying it, even if I wanted to. I have a right to this man's life!"

No wonder that Janet shivered again at the fearful words, and at the slow, solemn tone which showed they uttered an iron conviction of the speaker, but she did not think of flying from him now.

"Do not say that—you know it is not true. Oh, I beseech you, whatever wrongs you may have suffered, and which seem to justify you in seeking this man's life, do not stain your youth with such a crime—do not take on your

soul this sin, which will blast all your future."

She could see now that her appeal reached him by a slight quivering of the muscles about his mouth, and her desire to save this youth from the great peril which was assailing him hurried her words.

"I know from your face that you are not used to deeds like this, and because I dare to stay here and plead with you, in the name of God above, in the name of your mother, be she living or dead, in the name of all you hold dear in this world, or in another, do not commit this sin, which the devil is tempting you to do."

Strong, salt words these were of Janet's; just such words as would be most likely to avail with a nature like the one whom she addressed; and even Ralph Brainerd, with all his power to reach and sway others, could not have pleaded more eloquently for his life than did this small, frail girl, although it was singular enough that at that moment her fears were deeper for the murderer than his intended victim.

The man was visibly moved. She could see the tears fairly strain themselves into his eyes. She could not tell whether his purpose wavered as he looked at her and shook his head saying—

"If you knew, lady, what a black heart this man carried, and what misery he had wrought in the world, you would not stand here pleading as you do for his life."

"Yes, I should, all the same, no matter what foul work he has wrought for you or yours." It is God's law that I should still plead in his behalf. "Thou shalt not kill."

Again he looked at her—the rustic plough-boy, whose name she did not even know, and yet to whose inmost soul she had penetrated.

"Lady," he said, "you have called this Ralph Brainerd your friend!" his very voice seemed to loathe the name. "You do not love him!"

"No—thank God, a thousand times, no," she answered, fervently.

"You may well say 'thank God' if you knew what I might tell you."

Then, as though some other thought had seized him, and before she could answer, he turned suddenly on his heel and walked back and forth, pushing his large fingers through his thick hair, while some doubt or struggle which Janet could not reach, went on in his soul.

At last he came and stood still before the girl; and looking at her, he said—

"If you will listen to my story, ma'am, I'll tell you the whole, though I've carried it in my heart three years, and no mortal ever learned it, and I never meant any should—not so long as he walked the earth, and when you come to know all you'll think I had a right to put him out of it."

Janet's face spoke up here, an absolute, eternal denial, but the youth did not answer it, and so he commenced with his story, not even pausing to exact a promise from the girl that she would not betray his secret. So they stood there together, in the little grove under the dark foliage of spruce and cedar, with the shadows of the falling autumn afternoon making a gloom about them, through which the sunbeams wove faint threads of life—so they stood there, the pale, sweet-faced girl, the tanned and brawny ploughboy, and Janet listened to the story, which she will never forget to the latest hour of her life.

"My name is Mark Ritter, ma'am. I was born in—no matter for the name—a pretty little village that lies hid among the mountains of upper Vermont. My father was a farmer, never very forehanded, but still he had a small farm, with a nice little cottage homestead on it, and so long as he lived we managed to get a comfortable livin', for he worked early and late on the few acres that his father left him.

"We hadn't much to boast on, but an honest name that nobody could gainsay, and I don't believe there's been many a happier childhood in high lots or low ones, than mine—mine and my sister's—little Maggie Ritter's. She was four years older than I, and there was something in the turn of her head and the carriage of her figure that's wonderfully like yours, and that overcome me in the woods the other day, jest as it did when I woke up and found you standin' here, and thought for the minute she'd come back again. She was a pretty creature—that little, only sister o' mine, with roses as red as the wild ones we find in the Vermont woods, and thick, bright curls o' hair, and a face that was always like her voice, full of sweetness, and a laugh jest ready to break out—you wouldn't think such a dainty lady-like little thing that seemed too good for our home, although she was its light, and pride, and joy, could be the sister to such a clumsy-framed, awkward fellow as I am, but I took after my father, and he used to say Maggie had absorbed all the grace and beauty of the family and left none for me, but I was content that she should have it all.

"Of course we doted on her more than anything in the world, and she took to her books as ducks to water, and father would sooner have worked his fingers to the bone than denied her anything, so he sent her to the academy in the next town, for half a dozen years, and she outstripped most of the scholars there, and brought home the prizes every term, and they made a pretty show on the front mantel, and I don't believe that ever a day passed that mother didn't go in there and look at 'em with such a proud, pleased kind of look, and her mouth in a sort of tremble, which jest looked about half as though she was goin' to laugh, and half as though she was goin' to cry.

"Well, to make the story short as I can, Maggie had jest got beyond her eighteenth birthday, and I was past my fifteenth, when the old father broke down all of a sudden. He'd been ailin' for several years, but he wasn't much of a hand to complain, and as he kept on at the farm work, we hadn't felt any serious alarm, but he went all of a sudden at the last; and when he found it was all over with him, he called us to his bedside, and put his hands on his children's head and blessed 'em, and said to me, 'Mark, you're young in years yet, but you've got a good stout heart in you, and I leave the poor old mother and little Maggie in your care. They're frail, tender women, and the thought o' them has nerved my arm many a day as it must yours, that's younger and stout now.'

"And I promised my old father, and them words were the last he ever heard in this world."

The speaker's voice failed him for a moment, as that death had far away in the little village hidden among the mountains came back to him. And for Janet—the tears were trickling down her cheeks as she listened, and she did not know it, but Mark Ritter did. I think just then his heart had so far failed him, that he might not have kept on the path of his tale if it had not been for the sight of that girl's tears. After a while he continued—

"After the old father died we had a hard pull of it, but we managed to keep the old place, and I took charge on't, while Maggie got the post of village school teacher, and the next two years was a happy time despite all the loss and the hard work; and then—and then all of a sudden he came into our midst with his tongue like an angel's and his heart blacker than a fiend's," and Mark Ritter ground his teeth, and the words seemed to force themselves through.

"You mean this man, Ralph Brainerd?" interposed Janet, intent now on learning the whole truth.

"I mean *him*," and I think there was a curse followed the pronoun in Mark Ritter's thoughts, although his eyes only spoke it.

"There lay a few miles to the east of our village some fine streams for troutin', and they were a good deal sought after in the summer by the gentlemen from the city, who used to take board in the taverns round, and it was nothin' unusual to find 'em on horseback in the country roads, or anglin' in the ponds.

"One day—it was somewhere in the second July after our father died, Maggie got home late from school, looking prettier it seemed to me than she ever had in her whole life. Her little straw hat that she carried up to the red district school-house every day was lyin' on one side of her shinin' curls, and her blue eyes looked like a couple o' mountain violets that have just shaken the mornin' dew off from 'em, as she came into the room where I sat, chattin' with mother, for it was in the midst of the harvest, and I'd been hard at work all day.

"Wall, Maggie," said I, "somethin's happened to you."

"How do you know that, Mark?" with her laugh that had the sound in it of a brook pingin' for very joy on its road to the river. "Cos I can see it in your eyes—there's a great surprise in 'em."

"Well, you're right, something *has* happened," she said, and slipping off her bonnet she sat down at mother's feet, twirling the ribbons in her hand; and I can see her sittin' right there now, with the dimples alive in her cheeks, and the sunshine coming in through the vine about the low south window, and we listenin' to her story—oh, Maggie, Maggie the light of that summer day was the blackest that had ever risen on you, and you never dreamin' it, sittin' there in your girlish joy, and innocence, and beauty, and we so proud on it"—

Here Mark Ritter broke down again. There was no one but Janet to hear or see him, and she always broke down too, at this very point when she afterwards repeated the story. And Mark Ritter took up the thread afterwards.

"It seemed that when school was over, Maggie took the long road home which led round by the woods and past the creek. There was a river about a mile from our house, over which a little foot-bridge ran, but Maggie found when she got to the bank that a part of

the old bridge had been carried off by the spring flood.

"I must go three miles round! There's no help for it," she said to herself, standin' on the bank of the river, and looking at the broken bridge.

"And then a young man suddenly sprang to his feet from under a tree, a little way off, and came towards her with his hat in one hand and his fishin' pole in the other.

"Pardon me, Miss," he said, "but there is help at hand if you will accept it, my little boat lies just down behind the bend there, and I shall be most happy to row you across it, if you will allow me that pleasure."

"Maggie saw at once that he was one of the gentlemen from the city, who were in those parts that summer, and after hesitating a moment about the propriety of it, accepted the stranger's offer, as the afternoon was so late, and the road was so long.

"Did I do right mother?" she asked, with the pink ribbons in her fingers put to shame by the pink roses in her cheeks.

"I think you did—it was certainly very polite in the young man," said mother.

"And Maggie told us how very kind and respectful he was, how after he rowed her across the river, he walked up the turnpike to our gate, talking in a grave, pleasant way, that was unlike any other man whom she had ever met, and put her quite at her ease at once.

"He had given her his card when he left her at the gate, and had asked permission to call on her mother, sayin' that he should probably remain for some weeks at the tavern, among the mountains, as he had come up there to recruit his health.

"And I told him," said Maggie, "that I presumed you and Mark would be happy to see him, and thank him for the courtesy which he had shown me."

"I spoke up here; 'I don't want these city fops loungin' around here for a sight o' my sister's pretty face. Fine dress, and fine manners, and fine talk, don't make al'ays a true, honest heart, Maggie, and I aint much confidence in these city chaps. They carry too much outside.'

"I know that this man was what he seemed," Maggie answered with a great deal of decision, considerin' her acquaintance with him was not an hour long, and she called me afterwards 'old Growler' in her playful way, and said everybody couldn't be homely and honest as I was, and I could see that mother

on the whole took sides with her daughter, and I was younger than both of them, and had to yield.

"The next day there came a present of some very fine trout to mother, with another card attached to 'em bearin' Ralph Brainerd's name; and the next day he came himself—afterwards there was not a day for two months followin' in which that man's black shadow did not cross our threshold—cross it to blast it forever. I need not tell you, young lady, that we all liked the man. I had determined I wouldn't, and tried to hold out against him, but before our second meetin' was over, he'd won me to put such faith in him as my mother and sister did.

"I can't dwell on the next two months—it maddens me al'ays to think it over. The man played his game deep and well. He'd come over and sit for hours together when Maggie was at school, talkin' with mother in such a kind, considerate way about her health, and listenin' to her long stories of her youth and her dead husband; and then, with the tongue of an angel, he had always a way of slipping in some little praise of Maggie in just the right time and way, and he completely won mother's heart, and she thought him the pleasantest, noblest gentleman she had ever seen.

"Then there was Maggie—poor little, happy, innocent lamb—we all saw how it was going with her. She grew handsomer every day, with her blushes, and her smiles; and this man had a way of offering her a book, or handing her to a chair, as though she were a crowned princess, and that the fittin' throne for her; and when he paid her any little compliment, the manner made the words a thousand times more and sweeter; and the contrast betwixt him and the young men round there, that were al'ays strivin' to get a word or a smile—young lady, you know this man—all his artful ways and words that might deceive an angel; do you wonder my little sister loved him?

"No," faltered Janet, under her breath, thinking of Robert Crandall. "I do not wonder!"

"We none of us was surprised at it. We wasn't surprised either that he wanted to take Maggie to wife, for we thought she was worthy of the best and noblest man in the world, and whenever mother would regret that her daughter hadn't seen more of the world, and had better advantages all her life than our little village could give her, he had al'ays his answer ready—

"Don't say that, Mrs. Ritter, I cannot hear

you thus depreciate your daughter. Society has nothing to give her. You might as soon say that this wild rose which I hold, pluckin' one from the brier bush against the window, could be improved by a painter's brush. Margaret Ritter is so complete in herself that the world has nothing to add to her."

And unconsciously the youth's voice took the very inflections of Ralph Brainerd's, until it almost seemed to Janet that he was speaking in her ear.

"And mother would answer, her poor pale face kindled all up into a glow, and the tears in her eyes at such praise—

"Ah, Mr. Brainerd, you flatter my child!"

"When I speak the simple truth of her, my dear madam, you will acknowledge that my judgment ought at least to have some weight in this matter, for I have seen and known women whose beauty and cultivation adorned not only the first circles of our own country, but those of foreign lands, and you will permit me to say here, that amongst them all I never met one who, in grace and beauty, in qualities of mind and heart, could rival your daughter. I should be proud to set her in their midst to-morrow, as I hope to some day."

"And the words sounded very sweet in the poor old doating mother's ears, and she thought to herself—'Maggie has found a man who appreciates and deserves her.'

"We were all fools then, but how could we know that we hadn't a man but a fiend to deal with."

"How could you know!" murmured Janet, shuddering, and thinking of Wealthy Dana.

"Somewhere late in September, about two months after we had first seen Brainerd, he began to talk about business calling him away, and I used to notice that my sister looked a little doubtful and troubled about this time. I fancied she had somethin' on her mind, and it sort o' troubled me, though I concluded it was the thought of her lover's going that naturally made her a little sober.

"But, one day that was soft and warm as though it was twin sister to this, I came home, tired out from a hard day's work, for I'd been buddin' a pale fence round the south medder, and after tea was over I went and sat out on the cool back porch, and watched the stars come twinkling through the great hop vine, as I used to when I was a child. And here Maggie came in a little while, and put her arm around my neck. I looked up in her face, and there was something in it that I couldn't

quite understand, but it touched me—"little sister," I said, "what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, oh, nothing, Mark," and she tried to make her tone light—I could see she did.

"I thought that Brainerd's goin' away was at the bottom of it all, so I said, 'He's only goin' to leave you for a little while, and he'll come back to have you al'ays to himself. Is it very hard to stay with me and mother till then?'"

"The tears came in her eyes. I could see the blue shining through them, as a bit of our mountain sky sometimes shines through an evening mist.

"Oh, don't talk so," she said, quickly, and then she suddenly drew her arm around my neck. "Mark," she said, "you're a darling old brother—the best brother that ever a sister had."

"No, Maggie, that isn't true," I answered, drawing her to me. "I sometimes think you've a good deal of reason to be ashamed of me, for I wasn't cut out for a gentleman as you was for a lady, and at the best, I'm a clumsy, awkward bumpkin."

"You were cut out for a good, honest, true man, Mark Ritter!" she answered, "and you will make one that I shall be proud of all the days of my life."

"What, when he makes a grand lady of you, and takes you away from the old cottage, and makes you the mistress of his splendid home—wont you be a sort of ashamed of your farmer brother when he comes to see you, with his sunburnt face and his hard hands?"

"Mark, Mark—I can see her standin', I can hear her speakin' now—"I thought you knew me better than that," and somethin' in her voice made me sorry that I'd said what I had, and I told her so.

"Mark," she said, a minute afterwards, "do you love me?"

"Why, of course I do, Maggie, better than anything in the world. What makes you ask?"

"And you have faith in me too, Mark, that could not be easily shaken, that would trust me, in case I should do anything which for awhile must seem rash or wrong, and you would believe I had acted wisely and for the best, and could in time make it all right?"

"She spoke with a strange solemnity now, and we stood there together with the stars looking down upon us.

"Maggie," I answered, "I know you could never be made to do anything which you believed was wrong. I should hold fast my

faith in you through any trial. But I hope none is comin'; what makes you talk so?"

"You will understand sometime perhaps, and remember what I said; and—and, Mark, I know you will always take care of, and comfort our poor mother."

"Have you any reason to doubt it, Maggie?" feelin' a little hurt.

"Oh no, no. You will understand it all some day, Mark," and so I did, better than she at that time, ay, a thousand times better.

"I remember she put her arms around my neck and hugged me in a way that was not just like her, and called me a dear old fellow over and over, and I can see her looking back over her shoulder, and smilin' at me as she went, and I thought how pretty she was, and how dearly I loved her; but that night was the very last time that I ever saw the smiling face of my sister; and it would have been better for her, better for her a thousand times, if I had dashed her down dead at my feet, as she stood there in her smiles and her beauty, than to have let her gone away from me as she did that night."

A low groan fell out of Janet's white lips; she forestalled what was coming. Mark kept on—

"I was only seventeen then, and though I have cursed myself for my stupidity in not seein' through Maggie's speech, that some wrong was brewin', it never struck me at the time. Maybe one reason was that I was tired with my long day's work, and went to bed in a little while and fell into a sound sleep, and never dreamed of all the wrong and shame that night was to bring on us!"

Mark Ritter paused here a moment, and looked in Janet's face, as though his courage had half failed him, but her eyes full of grief and pity persuaded him to keep on to the sad end of his story, as no words could. He took it up once more

"The next morning when I woke, the birds were singin' in the old cherry tree by the window, and I lay awhile listenin' to them, and thinking over all that Maggie had said to me the night before. When at last I was dressed, and just about to leave the room, I caught sight of a little paper folded on the table, as though to attract my notice, and I opened it, and knew Maggie's hand before I read it—

"MARK, DEAR BROTHER:—I shall put your promise to an early trial, for I must go away from you for a little while. It grieves me greatly to do it—to cost you and mother

this pang, but it is my duty, and I have at last made up my mind to the step.

"I charge you give yourself no fears for me. You know that all the world would not tempt me to do for one moment what was wrong, but this step now is wisest and best, as you will say when I come back and explain it all. Don't let our dear, dear mother grieve for me; that is the hardest thought in this going away, but I shall surely come back in a little while to make you both, dearest of mothers and best of brothers, happy all the days of my life."

"She had not gone off with that man—that demon—oh, tell me she had not gone!" fairly shrieked Janet, as she grasped Mark Ritter's arm, while the awful jeopardy of one night of her life seemed to come back and overshadow her.

"God forgive her," sobbed Mark Ritter; "she had gone with him."

And here he and Janet Strong wept together. After awhile he took up his story again.

"I think the letter fairly stunned me at first. I saw clear enough then the meaning of all Maggie had said to me the night before; but still I couldn't make up my mind that she was really gone, until I went to her room and saw that the bed hadn't been slept in that night, and part of her dresses had disappeared from the closets. Then I heard mother at the foot of the stairs calling Maggie and me, and I remembered that it was left to me to break the truth to her, and that was hardest of all.

"I was a simple-hearted boy then, you see, Miss, and I could not have conceived of such a villain as this Ralph Brainerd—much less that he was one, and so I made up my mind at once that for some good reason he had persuaded Maggie to run off and marry him. I would as soon doubted my own soul as his honor, and I knew that Maggie had written the simple truth when she said that not all the world, nor her own life, could persuade her to do what was wrong; so I had not lost faith in anybody when I went down stairs that mornin', only I was troubled that my sister had had to run away to get married—that was all.

"I found mother settin' the table, which was Maggie's work. She looked up with a little smile and said—

"Oh, I've got a dreadful lazy boy and girl. It's after six o'clock."

"Then I had to tell her. It was harder work than I expected, and a long time before

I could make her comprehend it. I could see it was a blow that hurt her to the quick. She couldn't understand it, although I insisted that it was all right, that Mr. Brainerd and Maggie would not have done this thing if they had not had sufficient reasons for it, and did all that I could to comfort her. But she thought that her daughter had run away from her home out sorely. 'She might have told her mother! she might have told her mother!' she kept sayin', with the tears running slow down her face.

"No, she couldn't," I answered, stontly, determined to think so, and remembering my promise to my sister. 'You know your daughter would not have deceived you, if she could have helped it.'

"So I reasoned with and comforted her, and read Maggie's letter over until we both knew it by heart. Of course she had the same confidence in Brainerd that I did. It would have killed her outright if she had suspected any wrong was comin' to her daughter; but at last when I'd talked away down into the morning, she brightened up a little, and said,

"She'll come back in a little while, she says. Don't you 'spose that means by to-night?"

"My heart sunk, for I had placed Maggie's return a good deal farther off than that. 'Oh no, not to-night. You must make up your mind to her bein' gone longer.'

"How much longer?" as though I knew.

"Well, say a week."

"I can't," the poor old woman broke out here, "I can't live a whole week longer without seein' my Maggie."

"But she did live!"—and here Mark Ritter broke down utterly. "I cannot go on," he said, wringing his hands together, and looking pitifully in Janet's face. "She did live—my poor old mother!"

"How long?" asked the white lips of Janet Strong.

"A year and more!"

The rest was told so incoherently, with such terrible ebullitions of anguish, as harrowing memories swept over his tortured soul, that I cannot relate it in Mark Ritter's words, and must do it briefly in my own.

As the days of watching and suspense went on, the silence and the shadows fell heavier over the old homestead in Vermont. The poor old mother was certain every morning would bring her daughter, and never ceased listening for her by day or night. The hours dragged heavily—the mother's health sank

with each one. Mark hardly dared leave her to attend to the farm-work, for she clung to him every moment, and made him asseverate the same things a dozen times a day, and met him every morning with the eager question—"Don't you think Maggie'll be home before night, Mark," and he always answered—"Oh, yes, I fully expect her." But she did not come—not even when a month, which seemed longer than all the rest of Mark's life, went by.

The district school was just closed, and it was easy to account for her absence to the neighbors, by saying she had gone away for a little while—they were not just then at liberty to tell where, but she was expected back soon; and though there was a great deal of curiosity on the subject, nobody had the right to press it on the girl's mother and brother, and no suspicion of the true state of things entered the thoughts of any one in that retired neighborhood.

One night—it must have been about six weeks after Maggie had disappeared, Mark woke up and found his mother standing by his bedside. "I want to see Maggie—I want to see Maggie, Mark," she said, in a piteous tone, and her eyes shone bright and scared through the darkness.

And Mark took the poor old mother in his arms, and comforted her as best he could; but while he was talking, she put her lips down to his ear, and said—

"Mark, you believe in your soul that Ralph Brainerd was a good man, don't you—a man with whom my precious child could be trusted to the ends of the earth?"

"Mother," Mark answered, "did you believe father was a good man—a man to be trusted anywhere, under any circumstances?"

He could not have asserted his faith in Ralph Brainerd in a way that would have more weight with his mother.

"I'm a poor, old, broken down woman," she said, "and sometimes all kinds of fears take possession of me, and all the dreadful stories I've heard of bad men—who came almost in the guise of angels, and won the hearts of women to their ruin, all come back to me. Mark, Mark, it isn't proper to say these things to you, but I'm a foolish old woman, haunted by all sorts of fears, and if any harm should come to my little Maggie"—it was no wonder the poor woman's sobs choked her here.

And with a strength and thoughtfulness beyond his years did Mark Ritter comfort his mother. He reminded her of the days when

Ralph Brainerd asked her to give him her child; and with what beautiful words he had promised to love and shelter the widowed mother's idol in his love and care, and how every day he used to read her favorite Psalms to Mrs. Ritter, and as Mark talked of all this the mother's vague fears vanished away.

"He *must* have been a good man. I will not fear for my child," she said.

But perhaps those words of his mother had sown the first doubt of Ralph Brainerd in the soul of Mark Ritter. If it was so he would not acknowledge it; but as the days went and came, without his sister, and his mother's step grew feebler, until she could only walk betwixt her bed and her chair, a foreboding of terrible evil came and wrapped his soul in its nightmare of fear and anguish.

Mark Ritter fought fiercely with his doubts. He would never acknowledge them for a moment to himself, much less to his mother; but the autumn burned itself out, and paled into winter, and the winter brightened and warmed itself into spring, and where was Maggie!

The old mother seldom left her bed now-a-days. Mark nursed her tenderly through all that dreary time. She still kept up her old habit of listening for the light step that never came, and there was a piteous appeal in her face, and her mind frequently wandered when she talked about her lost child.

The neighbors too, fancied something was wrong, because of Maggie's protracted absence; but the manner of Mrs. Ritter and her son precluded many questions on the subject, and the neighbors were left to their own surmises.

Mark could not tell how, but through all this time, stoutly as he had wrestled with it, the fear that Ralph Brainerd had dealt foully with his sister had gained foothold in his soul. His mother's intuitions, keen enough in all that concerned her child, perhaps warned her of this; for she never alluded to the possibility now. It was evident that the loss of her daughter was killing her by inches, but Mark was sometimes glad that the blow had to a degree prostrated his mother, mind and body. Every time that he entered the room, she would turn eagerly to him, saying, pitifully—

"You think Maggie will come back soon, don't you, Mark?"

And with a sinking heart Mark would answer, cheerily—

"Oh, yes, I think Maggie will be back soon."

And the poor old mother would smile like a comforted child. And these two—the old

woman, and the boy of whom this anxiety was making a man, tried to pass their evenings in wild conjecture of the causes of Maggie's flight; in devising circumstances which justified Ralph Brainerd in inducing her to elope, and consent to a surreptitious marriage; if it had not been so unutterably sad, it would have been vastly amusing to listen to their fancies, wilder and more impossible than the flights of any novelist—these two, who knew so little of the world outside their own narrow horizon.

At last Mark's solicitude for his sister became so insupportable that he would certainly have started off in search of her to the ends of the earth, if it had not been for the mother, who hung her feeble thread of life on him. He knew it would snap if he left her. So the beauty of spring deepened into the glory of summer, and brought no light nor cheer to the old homestead, where the mother lay through the dreary hours listening still for her child, while in the hearts of both mother and son, lay like a yawning black gulf, the dread of a possibility to which a thousand deaths would have been joy.

Mark had done his work faithfully that summer, ploughing, and sowing, and reaping, as though nothing had happened, but when late in the autumn the farm-work was all finished, he made up his mind to take a journey to New York, and see if he could obtain any tidings of Ralph Brainerd.

He remembered now that he had no clue to the man's residence—that his conversation had never afforded them any. He had incidentally mentioned being frequently in New York, but he had distinctly informed them that he had no near relatives, and no abiding home in the world, having lost the former by death, the latter through the fraud of those whom he had trusted. Mark thought he might venture on a week's absence, leaving his mother in the care of a judicious nurse and neighbor, and he made up his mind to broach the subject to her one night when he was out chopping the wood for next day's use in the twilight; and there was a sharp, frosty chill in the air, which asserted triumphantly that winter was drawing nigh. It would not be hard to gain his mother's consent to the journey, when she knew it was made in search of Maggie, and he could not rest any longer without making some effort to find her. The time had long past for him to fortify himself against his fears, by falling back on the words she had spoken and written.

There was no doubt but Maggie had gone away in good faith, believing that she was

doing right, but what if she had been deceived! Mark stopped here. He stopped his work also, for the pile of wood had grown fast, and so had the dark too. He laid down his axe. What was that dark figure which he caught sight of leaning motionless over the low front palings. Surely there was something familiar in it. Why did his breath come so fast. His heart thumped at his throat. He sprang forward. The figure made an effort to move off, but seemed too weak to master more than a few rods. Mark was at its side in a moment—

"Maggie, oh, Maggie!"

She waved him off with her hands. But he put his arms around her and held her fast, as though he feared she would slip away from him.

"Come home, Maggie—come home." There was no doubting that welcome.

Then she looked up in his face—

"May I come home to die—oh, Mark, I was afraid to," said a voice that was changed, and yet the same—the voice of Margaret Ritter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To Mary.

BY H. A. HETDON.

She came to me, as an evening star
Shines out when the light of day is dim,
With a voice as sweet as the distant sound
Of worshippers singing a Sabbath hymn.

Her eyes from beneath their deep-fringed lids
Had the serene and peaceful look
Of a happy child, who is listening
To the blessed words of the Holy Book.

Before she came, I was weary and sad,
My home was dark, and my heart was lone;
She came, with her holy words and life,
The darkness passed, and the "true light shone."

Her sweet voice into my spirit stole,
As over the flowers the breath of spring,
And holy feelings awakened there,
Like music from an Æolian string.

I blessed you, Mary! I blessed you then,
For the light, and the peace, and the joy you gave;
And again, my Mary, with weeping eyes,
I bless you, kneeling beside your grave.

Remember, it is not safe to let things work unless you first put them in good working order. You must make them work right or they will work wrong.

Sad Eyes.

The face was fair; the lips soft and ruby; the cheeks warm with summer flushes; but the large, brown eyes were sad. It was not a painful, but a tender sadness, that lay like a thin veil over their brightness. You hardly noticed it at first; but the shadow in Mrs. Percival's eyes grew more and more apparent the oftener you looked into them. They were full of light when she spoke—dancing, rippling light; but this faded out with a quickness that half surprised you, making the shadow which came after it the more noticeable.

"What can it mean?" said one friend to another. They were speaking of Mrs. Percival, and her sad eyes. Is that peculiar look hereditary—a mere transmitted impression of the soul upon the body—or is it the sign of an inward state? Do you know anything of her early history?"

"Something."

"Is she happy in her marriage?"

"I am afraid not."

"Then it must be her own fault," was answered.

"Perhaps it is."

"Every one speaks well of Mr. Percival. I have seen a great deal of him, and hold him in very high regard."

"In no higher regard than he is held by his wife, who knows, better than any one else can know, his worth as a man."

"And yet you said just now that you did not think her married life a happy one."

"There is a shadow upon it. As the wife of Mr. Percival she is not, I fear, in her true place."

"Are you serious in this?"

"Entirely so."

"While to me it seems that she is just in her true place. Both are well educated, social and attractive; and both seem governed by high moral principles; and both have noble aims in life. Their deportment towards each other, so far as I have noticed it, is uniformly kind; and I have observed the reciprocation of little attentions while in company, not usual among married partners. They are superior to most of those around us, and, as I read them, eminently fitted for each other."

To this it was replied:

"The very elevation of character to which you refer, makes this reunion the more inharmonious—the lack of fitness the more fatally apparent. Lower natures may feed on husks;

but these cannot. May be satisfied with a compact that secures external good; but these must have interior likeness."

"Which does not, as you believe, exist in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Percival."

"I am very sure it does not. Hence the sad eyes that look out into the world so hopelessly."

This was said of Mr. and Mrs. Percival. Let us go back a few years, and come near them in the time when this union was formed. There had been too great ardor of pursuit on the side of Mr. Percival. The beautiful girl who flashed across his way in life so dazzled him by her mental and personal charms, that he resolved to secure her hand, no matter what difficulties might intervene. And he soon found an obstruction in the way. An artist named Liston, a young man of genius, but modest and shrinking, as such men usually are, had already been attracted by this lovely girl, and she was meeting his slow and timid approaches with such tender invitations as maiden delicacy would permit. The more she saw of him, the more he charmed her. He was so different from other young men, into whose society she was thrown—so unworldly; so single of heart; so noble in all the aspirations to which he gave utterance. In her eyes, he seemed to stand apart from the world; to be of another quality—more refined, more intellectual, purer. She loved him, so far as she dared give liberty to her feelings, seeing that he held himself at a farther distance from her than some ventured to approach. In him, the faint ideal of her soul's companion stood forth embodied. When he drew near, she moved instinctively to meet him, the pulses of her interior life beating quicker and stronger. When he stood afar off, it seemed as if a thin veil of shadow had fallen around her.

The quick eyes of Henry Percival soon discovered the truth. He saw that the maiden was deeply interested in the young artist, and also that Liston worshipped her at a distance, fearing to approach, lest the beautiful star in whose light his soul found light should veil itself as a rebuke to his advances. And seeing this, he resolved to press in boldly; to win the maiden for himself; to carry off the prize another was reaching out to grasp. Percival had been more in the world than Liston; possessed a more cultivated exterior; understood men and things better; was more self-confident. Whatever he undertook to do, he strained every nerve to accomplish. Difficulties only stimulated new effort. From a boy,

up he had moved steadily to the accomplishment of his ends, with a vigor and persistence that usually brought success.

"She shall be mine!" So he declared, in his heart, though he fully understood the relation which Liston and the maiden bore to each other. So resolved, when he knew that love had grown up between them, and that she was to the young artist as the very apple of his eye.

It happened in this case as it happens in many others. As the bold lover advanced, the less confident one retired. Percival drew very near, draping himself in sunshine, while Liston stood afar off, in shadow, looking from his dim obscurity with sad eyes upon the only being he had met who embodied his ideal of a woman. If he had drawn near—if he had given the maiden clearly intelligible signs of what was in his heart, Percival would have sought her hand in vain. But she seemed in his eyes so pure and noble, so elevated above common mortals, and himself of such little worth, that he dared not approach and enter the lists as an openly declared suitor. The ardor of Percival had no abatement. He pressed his case with an impetuosity that bore down all obstructions, almost extorting from the doubting and bewildered girl a promise to become his wife. If Liston had not shown apparent indifference—had not held himself aloof—this promise, repented of almost as soon as made, would never have been given. Had she known that her image was in his heart, treasured and precious, Percival's suit would have been idle. But she did not know, and in her blindness she went astray, losing herself in a labyrinth from which she never escaped.

The effect on Liston, when it was known that Percival and the maiden he so worshipped was engaged, was very sad. He lost for a time all heart in his work—all interest in life. An intimate friend, who knew of his attachment, and understood the meaning of his altered state, divulged the secret, and so it became public property, finding its way to the maiden's ears.

"Did you know," said a gay friend, "that you are charged with a serious crime?"

"I have not heard of the accusation. What is the crime?" she answered, smiling.

"The crime of breaking a heart."

"Ah! Whose heart? There was a change in the expression of her face; the smile dying out.

"Liston's."

"Why do you say that?" she asked, catch-

ing her breath, and showing pallor of countenance.

"Oh, haven't you heard anything about it? Why it's the talk all around. He was dead in love with you, it seems, but hadn't the courage to say so; proving the truth of the old adage, that 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' And now he's moping about, and looking so woe-begone, that everybody is pitying him."

"I'm sorry that he should have pain on my account," was answered, with as much indifference as could be assumed. "Not a very serious case, I imagine."

"Oh, but it is; he fairly worshipped you," replied the friend. "Do you know that an asylum is talked of?"

"Don't, don't say anything more, if you please! It's all gossip and exaggeration, of course; but still of a kind I must not hear. You forget that I am to be married in a few weeks."

The laughing light went out of the gay friend's countenance; for she saw more than she expected to see.

A few weeks passed, and the wedding night arrived, when the pale-faced maiden, true to her promise, but false to her heart, took up the burden of wifehood, staggering under the weight as it came down upon her stooping shoulders. The young husband, when he kissed her almost colorless lips, and gazing into her pure face, said, "Mine!" looked into sad eyes, and felt that his ardent word but half expressed the truth—that she was not, and never could be, all his own. He too had heard of Liston's attachment, and of the effect produced on him when the fact of the engagement became public, and something more than a feeling of triumph found its way into his heart. There was at first a vague sense of uneasiness, followed by doubts and questionings. Smarting suspicion crept in. He became keen-eyed. But all he discovered was a dim veil dropping down over the countenance of his betrothed, and diminishing the splendors of its sunshine. In his eagerness to grasp the angel whose beauty had fascinated his gaze, he had rubbed a portion of lustre from her wings.

But she had taken her place by his side, and no allurements could have drawn her thence, though she walked in perpetual shadow, and though sharp stones cut her feet at every step. She was too strong in purity and truth to waver from the line of duty. The path might be difficult, but she would not turn aside, even though she failed. She had the courage to die, but not to waver.

"Mine!" said Percival, when his hot kisses were laid on the almost irresponsive lips of his bride, and even as he said it, away down in his innermost convictions, another voice answered—"Not mine!"

So their wedded life began. It took nearly a year for Liston, the artist, to recover from his disappointment. A few times during this period he met Mrs. Percival, and read in her inward-looking eyes that she was not a happy wife; and more than this he read, penetrating by quick-sighted perception the veil in which she had enveloped herself. After this period, he was master of his soul again, and dwelt in his art. But all who met him noticed, and many spoke of, a subdued sadness in his eyes. Years passed, and though he went into society, Mr. Liston did not marry. As an artist he rose steadily, and some of his works attracted much attention. Among them was a personification of "Hope," in the single figure of a woman exquisitely beautiful, yet showing in every feature of the tenderly pure face, trial and triumph.

"Have you seen Mr. Liston's 'Hope,' at the Academy?" asked a friend, addressing Mrs. Percival, a few days after the painting had been placed on exhibition.

"Not yet," was answered.

"You must see it. Every one is charmed. And, do you know, it bears a remarkable likeness to yourself; I've heard several persons speak of this. By the way, is it a compliment or an accident? It is said that he is one of your old admirers."

The friend laughed, and in laughing, so dimmed her own vision, that she did not see the strange, startled look, which came, for an unguarded moment, into Mrs. Percival's eyes.

In company with her husband, Mrs. Percival went to see the "Hope" of Mr. Liston. Something in the ideal figure held her as by fascination. Mr. Percival recognized the likeness, and with a sense of weariness. Many times from the painting his eyes turned to the countenance of his wife. Its expression was not satisfactory. There was more in it than admiration for a fine picture. From the painting, he saw her once turn half around, suddenly, as if spoken to; but no voice had reached his ear. He turned also, in the same direction, and looked into the artist's face; but did not encounter his eyes, for they were resting on his wife. The act of Mrs. Percival was but momentary. She turned again to the picture, at the same time placing her hand on

the arm of her husband, and, by a movement, intimating her wish to leave that part of the gallery. Mr. Percival did not fail to observe that his wife's interest in the Exhibition was from this time partial and forced.

"Are you not well?" he asked, in his usual kind, but half-constrained manner.

"My head is aching," she answered, forcing a smile.

"Shall we go home?"

"If you have staid long enough," was replied.

And so they went away, not again venturing to look at Mr. Liston's "Hope," and not again visiting the Academy while it was there.

The eyes of Mrs. Percival were just a little sadder after this, and so were the artist's eyes; and the heart of Mr. Percival was just a little heavier. But all three were pure enough, true enough, and strong enough to bear the burdens this great error had laid upon them, though in bearing there was pain that made life wearisome.

Alas for these sad eyes! See well to it, maiden, that in accepting some boldly wooing lover, you do not, like Mrs. Percival, commit one of life's saddest errors, and so look out with dreary eyes upon the world through all your coming years.

And see to it, over ardent young man, that in the eagerness of pursuit you do not make captive one who can never be wholly your own. See to it that you do not rob another of the good designed for him, and at the same time rob yourself of the highest blessing in life. The soul-lit eyes that so charm to-day, may haunt you with accusation through all the coming years; the face so bright and beautiful, wear a perpetual veil of shadows. In the name of all that the heart holds sacred, beware of an error here!

T. S. A.

HOW TO GET RID OF TROUBLE.—"To shake off trouble," said Howard, the great philanthropist, "we must set about doing good to somebody. Put on your hat, and go and visit the poor; inquire into their wants, and administer unto them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolation of religion. I have often tried this, and found it the best medicine for a heavy heart."

A DEBATING CLUB in Worcester lately discussed the important question—"Whether a rooster's knowledge of daybreak is the result of observation or instinct."

Spring Among the Hills.

BY L.

"Sit and talk with the mountain streams
In the beautiful spring of the year,
When the violet gleams through the golden sunbeams
And whispers—'Come look for me here,
In the beautiful spring of the year.'

"I will show you a glorious nook,
Where the censers of morning are swung;
Nature will lend you her bell and her book
Where the chimes of the forest are hung,
And the censers of morning are swung.

"Come and breathe in this Heaven-sent air
The breeze that the wild bird inhales;
Come and forget that life has a care
In these exquisite mountain gales—
The breeze that the wild bird inhales.

"Oh, wonders of God!—oh, Bounteous and Good,
We feel that thy presence is here—
That thy audible voice is abroad in the wood,
In the beautiful spring of the year,
And we know that our Father is here."

I know not the author of these lines, but I thought they could not help but please the readers of the Home Magazine. The sweetest, softest and freshest of May mornings must have inspired the lyric. When the buds were purpling on the trees, and the "swinging, swaying willows" had donned their graceful foliage, while sweet woodland music came floating on breezes that bring golden souvenirs from far southern climes. Oh, the kindly, balmy airs of spring! How thy bewitching days bring reminiscences of the time when "life was May, and full of singing birds;" When joyous-hearted children, we searched the mossy banks of old pastures for the sweet trailing arbutus, which we would oftentimes find in the very edge of snow-banks, opening their tender buds. In those dreary, sunless days, with their frozen airs benumbing all life, and holding in paralyzing bands the torpid earth, how we long and thirst for the genial spring-time. We want to feel the warm sunshine and see the swiftly flitting cloud-shadows chasing each other over the broad meadows, and the wood-crowned hills, and inhale the perfumed breath of flowers, and hear the glad song of birds, and the "murmurous hum of the bees."

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted successes qualify a man for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the sea, arouse the faculties and incite the skill and fortitude of the voyager.

BENEATH THE White Mount's Shade.

BY MINNIE MARY LEE.

Afar, upon a fair New England hill,
Beneath the White Mount's shade,
Within the music of a sweet-voiced rill,
Our dear, dear one is laid.

Her feet grew weary on these prairies wild—
Her spirit pined for rest;
She longed once more to throw herself, a child,
Upon her mother's breast.

O'er hill and plain, within the swift-winged car,
She wended, sad, her way,
Till, in her childhood's home, its olden star
Shone, but with lessening ray.

When, day by day, her buoyant step grew slow,
The hearts that loved her sighed—
When grew her sweet voice still more sweet and low
E'en hope then almost died.

She was too beautiful, they said, to die,
No one was half so fair;
No one wore splendors like her brow and eye,
Nor glory like her hair.

For these, death claimed her as his peerless own,
And meek, she laid her down
To share the darkness of his sombre throne—
To wear his cypress crown.

Amongst earth's beautiful, O never bride
Had death so fair as she;
Well, well might he proclaim, afar and wide,
His wondrous victory.

To-day seven years they made her chilly grave
Upon that distant bill—
Snow-storms and tempest their deep murmurs gave,
And madly raved at will.

Thus, sometimes, is the heart of nature riven,
And she doth wildly weep,
When great or gentle souls go up to heaven,
And the beloved sleep.

Oh, loved one, sleeping in that chilly land—
Oh sister fair and sweet—
Where angels walk upon life's golden strand,
Shall we not sometime meet?

Duty is the little blue sky over every heart
and soul—over every life—large enough for a
star to look between the clouds, and for the
sky-lark happiness to rise heavenward through
and sing in.

A Leaf

From the Journal of a Lonely Wife.

BY S. E. R.

The leaden-colored, and leaden-weighted cares of life were filling my heart to-day.—No, not quite *filling* it, for thoughts of His love—the Infinite—who is “touched with the feeling of our infirmities,” had shed some rays of sunlight and warmth; so that *all* was not dark, *all* was not dreary. But care—hard, grinding, exacting care, would not quite let go his hold—would not take his huge, dark form from the windows of my soul, and let in the full beams of heavenly light. I was going about my household duties with step too heavy, and heart sensible of quick, sharp, oft-returning throbs of anxious pain, when, stepping out on the porch to shake the tablecloth, I walked mechanically round the corner of the house to the side overlooking the orchard, the meadow and the two knolls. Never yet has that view failed to speak to my spirit in loving strain, whatever may have been my mood when looking at it, or however hasty may have been the glance. Often, when hard at work and worried, I have passed in and out of my kitchen door, which—thanks to God—opens that way, and, as my eye has glanced over the scene, its next look has been upwards, with a starting tear of gratitude to Him who spoke to me in the repose of the meadow, the swelling exultation of the hills, the proffered protection of the vigorous oak's outreaching branches, and in the unflinching hardihood of the towering pine; and I have laid my hand upon my breast and bowed my head in humble self-rebuke that I should ever suffer my heart to be so corroded by temporal cares as not always to reflect back clearly the serene beauty of His works. And so to-day, as I walked slowly along the south side of the house, I began to drink in a sweet draught of repose from those same dear familiar features which so often before had cheered me with looks of love; when, suddenly, as I turned the south-west corner, there lay full before me that part of the orchard upon which autumn had lately been doing his richest work; all bathed in the brilliant light of one of autumn's most intensely crystal-skied afternoons. One glad, happy, rapturous glance drove away the clouds which, for many days, had been gathering so thick as to make me fear, sometimes, lest they might shroud the light of reason—and with one spirit-leap I had cleared the

regions of murky earth-cares and plodding middle-age, and was back in the sunlight of youth. A joyous exclamation—I know not what—escaped me, and I called out, “Girls, girls! come see the orchard!” I have looked at it every morning and evening lately from my window and I thought I knew all about it; but in this sunlight it is—Oh! I cannot tell you what!—glorious, is no fit word for it!—I did not think it *could* look so! Then, as the girls came running out at the back door I discovered a friend walking among the trees, looking as if moving in a blaze of glory; and soon a voice called out, “I was coming to ask you all to come out here and look at a pear tree that I have just discovered to be a great flowering plant covered with blossoms of tropical brilliancy, in November!” In a few minutes we were all descending the hill, and I could not divest myself of the feeling that we were about to plunge into a sea of light, and I almost expected to feel the warm waves close round me and bear me up. The sun was just far enough westward to shine fully upon, and at the same time under the trees, so that there were no dark shades low enough or long enough to envelop us. The ground was covered with frost-touched vines and fallen leaves, all so colored as to reflect back a warm glow; and as we hastened on to find B——'s wonderful pear tree, we looked up and saw that every tree was but an immense bouquet, every leaf a flower, and every flower transparent. I once, when a girl, saw in a diorama a fanciful representation of fairy land, in which every object was tinged with the hues of the rainbow, but extravagant as seemed the fancy, it did not exceed in brilliancy of coloring the scene in the orchard this afternoon. The veinings, the mottlings, the shadings of the leaves, were indescribable and endless. We began to gather bouquets. The pear leaves were most especially brilliant, varied and highly varnished; and for awhile we gave them our almost exclusive attention; but presently Mary insisted on having justice done to the peach trees; and as she pointed to their upper branches glowing in the sun, we all exclaimed at the beauty of their bright rose-colored, feathery leaves, and began to add them to the clusters in our hands. I had begun by making a bright centre of small leaves in my left hand, expecting to get, perhaps, a pretty large handful before I had completed my assortment. But every moment I discovered something new, and each one of the party kept running to me with some specially

beautiful leaf which "mother must have," until both my hands were full; then the taller ones began to put them in my hair, while the others stuck them in my belt; and Josie, my boy, kept pushing them in between my fingers and round my cuffs, apostrophizing them, as he did so, with pet names, and laughing for joy of heart, to see how "funny ma looked, all dressed up in purple, and red, and yellow leaves, with blue shaded borders and bright scarlet spots." Then they began to deck each other. Hattie and Ruth soon had their hats, belts, and hands loaded. Josie's hat was nearly covered, while he stuck rows in each of his pocket holes; and Mary's head and waist were studded with dazzling beauties. All this time the warm, genial sun was pouring his flood of golden light through the thinned branches of the trees—wrapping us all in a mantle of glory, fit emblem of the all-pervading love of his Creator.

We turned towards the house, and soon the rapidly sinking sun of a short November afternoon was so low that we could look into his face and meet his clear smile without a wink. We now ascended to the porch and sat down on the western side, which is high, and commands a full view of sunset. But who shall describe a California sunset? Many have I seen from that same spot; but this, of this eve, presented some peculiar features which I never saw before. A low, fleecy stretch of clouds lay along the horizon, now glowing, then slightly fading, then mantling again; but that, though lovely, was not new. But see! Directly above the spot where the sun lately sank—away up, full half way to the zenith—right in that clear space, not a cloud near it, not even the slightest mist, is a *distinct mass of purple light*, so tangible yet so translucent that you seem to be looking into a crystal amethyst. It shades away into a delicate rose color, and that deepens on all sides into the rich violet of a matchlessly pure sky; while down below, near the wreath of clouds, the intense brightness turns the blue to a glittering pea-green. As we gaze, the body of purple light parts into quivers of rays, pointing down to the horizon, and branching out towards the zenith in the shape of a huge fan. For awhile it rests, spread over the whole scene like an immense hand of love, extended in an evening benediction, then gently all fades away, and deep shadow shrouds beauty from our view. Quietly we left the porch and took shelter from the evening breeze around the cheerful fire, and soon all

were reading or writing by the light of the social lamp.

Passing, accidentally, by a large looking-glass, a few minutes later, I caught a glimpse of myself in my bright, fantastic head-dress. I had forgotten, while watching the sunset, all about our leafy ornaments, and now I started, as if a stranger had been reflected in the glass, and then paused with a pitying, scornful smile, to see that faded, withered face surrounded by such gay trappings. But then, had not my children placed them there in the fulness of their love? And had they not a right to like to see mother smile and look gay, when it could be done all at their own expense, and no cold, stranger eyes were to see? Besides, the ornaments, though brilliant, were not the fresh virgin blossoms of spring, but the jewels nature wears in the autumn of her life, when rough winds have visited her face, and left furrows in her cheeks; and frosts have chilled her bosom. Does she not put them on to deck herself in thanksgiving robes while she offers her rich autumnal sacrifices to her Lord? Does she not wear them for a time that she may show to all that in cheerfulness she is preparing to lie down in her wintry grave?—that the prospect of death is not *all* gloom, but that lively hopes cluster gladly about her heart, though her outward form decays? So I let them remain, and I have sat down to write with them still fluttering and rustling about my head. I look from my window and see the last of twilight fading from the western sky, and I feel that heavy load of care coming back again to assert its power. Oh, could I but know where one dear form rests to-night!—Could I but be assured that he is not wandering on the desert, or lying in pain and helplessness among strangers! Could I but hope that stern misfortune will yet relax her grasp, and a prospering Providence smile upon him and permit him to return to us! Father in Heaven! I once more look to Thee for help. Thou hast, this day, given me an earnest of thy merciful intentions towards me and mine, in that Thou didst so lovingly lift the dark pall which has long overwhelmed my spirit; and gavest me one bright, fresh hour of gentle gladness to rest and soothe my soul, and to keep me from quite sinking in the stormy ocean of the "cares of this world." I will still hope in Thee.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

LAY SERMONS.

Duty.

BY AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

Duty is a string which gives forth a high, heroic sound, and it hath many harpers. There are few of us who do not love to strike an occasional note for the edification and improvement of our neighbors. It is pleasant to pipe for others to dance. Whatsoever crooked paths our own feet may mark, we never fail to draw perfectly straight ones for our fellow travellers. We may run with shambling gait, but others must keep in step.

'Tis to be feared that some of us are blind with the near eye. Certes, we are given to taking one-sided views of things. We have a vivid consciousness of our brother's frailties. We see his duty very plainly. Our own follies do not trouble us much, but we are deeply grieved with his sinning. We are solicitous for his faithful discharge of every obligation. Thereunto we urge him with all fervor and untiring perseverance, in our zeal for his well-doing, forgetful to be well-doers. Duty, with many, consists in preaching the duty of others.

"Thou which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself? thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal?" "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

Whosoever aims to build up a structure of fair works must lay the foundation in his own breast. If thou wilt do good, be good. Make thyself pure ere thou seekest to make others so. The imperfect seed of thy unripe fruits will not spring in the richest soil. Let thy own harvest be abundant and fully ripened, and its winged seeds shall fall into other souls and strike root there, and bring forth fruit sixty and an hundred fold.

Our good should be of spontaneous and not of forced growth. A deed performed from conscientious motives alone, is like a bud plucked into flower by unskillful fingers, without perfectness of form, without richness of fragrance, and quick to fade and wither away. But an action prompted of pure love is fair within and without—perfect, entire, lacking nothing—of perennial beauty, of undying perfume, of illimitable influence. What we do of love is done joyfully, munificently, and with the whole soul, and we bless and are blest in doing. What we do of mere duty is done coldly, constrainedly, with much and long struggling, and others are little benefited; ourselves scarcely at all. Love is our life, and we pour it out without stint or measure, sorrowful for nothing but that we have no more to give. Duty is an impost levied upon our selfish pleasures, and we pay it begrudg-

ingly, and under compulsion as it were, for the securing of our heavenly estate.

A devout, pains-taking professor of piety was warmly commending a young girl for a service she had rendered to one who had grossly misused and deeply injured her. Said the good man in conclusion—

"It is an act upon which you will reflect with pleasure to the latest day of your life. Always do your duty as promptly, my dear child, and you will never fail to reap your reward."

The innocent soul looked out of wondering, half-frightened eyes—

"Indeed, indeed, sir, you give me too great praise." The voice was timid and deprecating, and a red flush of shame stole into the sweet, downcast face. "I'm afraid I was not actuated, as you judge, by Christian motives. I never thought of my duty at all. Sarah was in trouble, and I felt so sorry for her I forgot all about the wrong she had done me. I could not help acting just as I did. I made no sacrifice in assisting her. In truth, sir, I had no thought that I was doing anything worthy of mention."

The modest head drooped lower, as if to have done a good deed without knowing it were a thing to blush for. Thou pure-hearted, lowly-minded one! How was the pious man confounded, and his wisdom and instruction set at naught. Since the birth of his religious experience, duty had been his watchword. He had never dreamed that there could be a higher plane of action. The Christian's life with him was truly a warfare. He walked forever in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and fought with imaginary Apollyons, and was pierced, and was broken, and was overcome, and was slain daily, and yet rose a conqueror and triumphant. With what carefulness, and tearfulness, and fearfulness, he searched out the path of his duty, amid glooms, amid dangers, amid perplexities, amid evil temptations. With what pains, with what wrestlings, with what sacrificings and bloody sweats he brought himself to the fulfilling of the Divine Laws. With what rejoicings, what exultations, what self-congratulations, he celebrated his victories over sin! Of his deeds of mercy and kindness he made a shining record, wherein in his doubtful and despondent hours he read to his comfort and sustenance. (But of the good acts of his fellows he kept not any record.) Unto others he would unfold the history of his struggles and his triumphs, and would say, Make you also reckonings of righteous deeds for the comforting of your souls in desert places, and haply, lest (though this he did not add) the Lord should fail to make an account thereof, and ye stand without witness

of your worth in the day of your judgment. How was the careful soul rebuked! Striding along in full armor, with sword drawn ready to thrust at the emissaries of the evil one, swarming upon his right hand and upon his left, lo! in his way stood a meek-browed child, with no weapons but love and innocence, and yet unharmed by beast, or dragon, or giant, or fiend, or any evil thing; and who out of tender pity and loving impulse had done for an enemy what he, a veteran soldier of the cross, could have done only after long praying and mighty struggling—a Christian act of which he would have made a brilliant note in his shining roll; and she—simple heart—knew not that she was “doing anything worthy of mention!”

He who possesses an alert consciousness of his own goodness is morally as diseased as he who has never been touched with a sense of his own wickedness.

We know men and women—ay, and have struck hands with them too—formal religionists, who name themselves Christians, and who may be so in a limited sense—surface Christians one would call them—scrupulous, well-meaning, God-fearing people, who propose to do a vast deal of good in the world, but who do a vast deal of mischief. People who never recognize virtue and goodness in others; who are never impelled by love and tenderness to the performance of kind and noble deeds, but who in all their dealings with men act from conscientious motives, and with a view to their own temporal or eternal interests. Self-conscious Samaritans, who pour the distilled poison of condescension into their neighbors' wounds, and bind them up with coldly moving hands; whose hard, dry eyes, and unsoftening mouth say, plainly, without words, “Thou art not worthy that I should do this thing for thee. Thou art poor and insignificant, and the priest and the Levite pass by on the other side of thee, but I am holier than they and thou. I will be kind to thee for conscience sake.” Fulfillers of the Law in deed, but not in spirit, who do good to an enemy purely with the desire to heap coals of fire upon his head, and who so clearly manifest their motives that the “coals” fall in white heat from the intended sacrificial altar, and kindle afresh the fire of hate in the hostile heart. Moral Crusaders, who elevate the standard of Duty, and with drawn weapons run full tilt at all manner of evil in all manner of men, and thrust, and flash, and thunder, without making the slightest indentation in the smooth, polished mail of scorn and indifference, (which a single warm beam of love would melt as the summer sun melts ice,) and who having spent strength and ammunition, stack arms, and cry, in virtuous indignation, “Thou hard-hearted and impenitent sinner, I have done what I could to save thee, and thou lovest thy evil better than my good! Go thy way. I wash my hands of thee. My conscience is clear—my duty is done.”

Now, God forbid that I should enlarge upon the imperfections of these, or any. I, of all others, should be sparing of censure, for 'twas of me that Paul spake when he said, “Wherin thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself, for thou that judgest doest the same things.” Yet even by reason of my sins may I not know the road to the sinner's heart? No doubt many careful and laborious souls are troubled and vexed that the efforts which they put forth for the good of humanity are so illy rewarded, and are ready to charge the blame to the moral obtuseness and hard-heartedness of those with whom they deal; whereas, nine times in ten, the fault lies chiefly in their own unlovely presentation of the truth. ‘Tis a bad heart whose inner doors swing not open at the pressure of love. ‘Tis a good heart, a very good heart indeed, whose outer gates do not shut with a clang at the approach of any Pharisaic innovator. When one, seeking to be to me an interpreter of divine things, continually intrudes his own gross personality between me and the light whereof he testifies, he makes me out of love with the truth though it be the fairest. When one sows and reaps on my ground, and appropriates to himself the whole benefit, granting nothing to the soil, nor the sun, nor the rain, but all to the sower, I do not readily yield my soul again to his tillage, for I like not to pour my few small grains of good into the swelling garner of his self-righteousness.

Love is the root of all truth. Love is the heart of all right action. “He who loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him.” So said the disciple who leaned upon Jesus' breast, and into whose tender, beautiful soul the words of the New Commandment fell like precious seed. Love is the simplifying power of the universe. Love solves the whole problem of our duty. “Love worketh no ill to his neighbor, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.” At every crossing of right and wrong in the intricate labyrinth of life, love sets up his golden rule for a guide and a light in our darkness.

“Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.” And “let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth.”

BEAUTY OF THE SOUL.

Physical beauty is the type and symbol of true beauty, which is always moral. External and physical beauty addressing itself to the senses, is but the forerunner and emblem, the rude beginning of beauty in its final and highest form. True moral qualities are capable of producing in the soul the effects of beauty in a degree as much higher than physical things do upon the senses, as the soul itself is higher and susceptible of nobler exercises and more exquisite experiences than the body.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A Sketch for Mothers.

BY E. B.

"Why, how your little boy has grown," said Mrs. M—— to a lady friend, upon whom she was making a call, as a little fellow of about three summers bounded into the parlor.

"Yes, he grows very fast," said the mother, with a glance of pride as she took him by the hand and led him towards the visitor, bidding him shake hands with her. "And," she added, "he is a thorough boy—the most perfect little rogue you ever saw; there is not a cupboard, drawer, nor any place, that is free from his intrusions. Yesterday I left the kitchen for a few minutes, and when I returned I found him deep in the mysteries of my pickling and preserving; he had emptied one jar on to the floor, and mixed a can of dried plums with a stew-pan of tomatoes upon which I had just poured the vinegar;" and she laughed heartily as the vision of the busy little urchin floated before her.

Little Earnest had, meanwhile, been an eager listener, at one moment laughing as he caught the idea that his mischief was funny and amusing, the next his large eyes dilating with wonder, and his little brain taxed beyond its strength, to discover why he had received a severe punishment for an action with which his mother seemed so pleased.

The conversation soon turned upon other subjects, and Earnest found himself at liberty to roam off in search of employment. When the lady had taken her leave, Mrs. G—— went in quest of her little boy, and found him in the store-room with a bag of salt in his hand which he was busily sprinkling over some plates of dried currants that had been set there ready for packing in cans. He looked up as his mother entered and commenced to laugh, expecting that she would be as much amused as she had been in the parlor when telling of his exploits. But when, with angry face, she caught the bag out of his hand, and gave him several smart slaps on the shoulders, he went sobbing from the room, again to busy his little brain over the strange conduct of his mother. Why did she punish him so, when he had only been doing things which seemed to afford her great amusement when she told of them?

Mothers, does not this picture find its counterpart in almost every household, while we never give a thought to the injury we are inflicting upon our children. Most healthy little ones are full of activity, and must have employment of some kind; we should try to find amusement for them, and vary it frequently, for they soon weary of one thing, and love change; and when they get into mischief we should bear in mind that to them it is only *something to do*, they have not learned to dis-

tinguish between useful employment and that which is destructive or mischievous. We should deal gently with them—try to make them understand that what they are doing is wrong; but it is quite needless to be often inflicting corporeal punishment upon children. Above all, never talk of their little adventures before them; give them credit for the quick perceptions they really possess; and for the sake of your own dignity and respect, as well as your child's sense of right and justice, never indulge visitors, nor even the members of your own family, with the recital of anecdotes about your children when they are present.

A Happy Childhood.

BY J. E. M'C.

Little Ned was invited out to tea with his mother, and as there were children in the house, I let him go. I was sorry I did afterwards, it was such a dull afternoon to him.

"My children never have any playthings to litter up the house with," the lady explained to me. The little girl was clamorous for a big doll-baby her mother paid two dollars for on Christmas; but no, dolly was shut away up stairs, and all the satisfaction she gave the little six-year-old girl was the knowledge that she possessed her. A half a dollar's worth of little tin cups and pills would have given her far more satisfaction if she might have used them. Cut off from all toys, the children took their amusement out in using their voices vigorously, so that the elders could scarcely hear themselves think. It was a handsome, tasteful home, but I was not surprised that the oldest took to the street and its ways as soon as he was old enough to take his initiation. The two little ones were so fretful and ungovernable, the mother was constantly mortified, and the guests most uncomfortable. I was not sorry when the hour for return came, and Neddy rejoiced once more in the abundant, simple treasures of his play-room, which were more attractive than ever after seeing the destitution of those "poor children," which, though but a three-year-old, he could fully commiserate.

Children cannot develop well without amusement, and plenty of it, too. It is the best antidote for frofulness—a great deal better than sharp words. They only add oil to flame. Encourage your child to play vigorously and heartily. Some one says, "a boy not fond of fun and frolic may possibly make a tolerable man, but he is an intolerable boy."

Don't be too much alarmed if he is pretty often "into mischief." Those who never are in mischief are either your sly children or very delicate, if not imbecile. Take it as a token that your child has some snap about him, and let it be your care to

properly repress and guide his activity, but never seek to root it out. A sullen, miserable misanthrope will be the result if you should succeed.

Don't be a bit afraid of making your child too

happy. Happiness is the sweet sunshine of the heart in which all lovely graces flourish best. "The memory of a sunshiny childhood is the best capital a man can have to begin life with."

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

The Missionary Box.

BY J. E. M'C.

Little Emma had just finished a story-book which gave an account of a very useful little girl, and the many ways she found of doing good to others. A warm desire was awakened in her heart to imitate her example.

"I am sure, mother, I should love to do good to somebody, as she did, but I do not know any way."

Her mother took up a little paper she had just been reading, and pointed to a paragraph in it. It was the monthly Record of "The Five Points House of Industry," a missionary institution in New York where hundreds of wretched little children are gathered in from the gutters and cellars, and fed, and clothed, and provided with homes in the country sometimes, or taught to gain an honest living. They are supported altogether by charity, and when the little rills fail, many must suffer. The line which Emma read was simply this: Among the receipts of clothing was one acknowledging "A box of clothing collected by four little girls—Lenox Mass." Emma read it twice over, to be sure what her mother meant by such a strange answer to her question.

"Do you think I could do such a thing as that?" she asked.

"I do not doubt it, my dear, if you are willing to take the trouble. I should love to have you early interested in all such works of benevolence, and think what a blessing every such parcel is to some poor little sufferers, who but for just such cast-off garments must be pinched with the cold all winter. I will lay aside what I can to start your box, and father will pay the freight, I do not doubt. Now what little girls can you interest in the matter?"

After some discussion, Emma decided on a few little friends she would try to engage in the good work with her. So they all talked about it among themselves, and asked their mothers about it, and read aloud the little "Record" books that Emma had loaned them, until a warm interest for the institution was awakened in many hearts. That is the first step to be taken in every work of the kind—inform and interest people on the subject.

Kind ladies overturned their attic boxes and out-of-the-way closets, and it was astonishing how many half worn garments came to light which had been quite forgotten. A number who thought they

gave away to the poor every cast-off garment as soon as it was done with, found still a valuable parcel to add to the little girl's box. Indeed, those who give away most will always have the most to give. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." I do not doubt but that God gave back to each of those who helped put together that missionary box more than double what they gave to His poor. As the articles were to be used in a family of children of all sizes and ages, nothing came amiss, from a baby's sock to a brown towel. There was a nice pile of aprons, often patched, but they would be a rare gift to some little shivering, blue-armed child. There were outgrown dresses, boys' jackets, pants, stockings, half-worn shoes, old hoods, capes, cloaks, under-clothing, and indeed everything that could be collected among a dozen or two families. The box grew to a barrel in a very little space, and enough was left over to begin another. Oh, how many hearts that dear little girl caused to rejoice by her timely efforts.

Now what other little girls can engage in a similar work of love? It is so easy and delightful to do good to the poor, and the Lord acknowledges all such kindness to His suffering ones as done to Himself. There are old stores enough in homes of plenty to clothe all the suffering and needy, if only some earnest little worker and warm-hearted Dorcas would lay the matter fairly before the possessors.

A NOBLE BOY.—A boy was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. "You need not be afraid," said one of his companions, "for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind he would not hurt you." "That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I would not touch them. It is true my father would not touch me; yet my disobedience I know would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than anything else." A boy who grows up with such principles, would be a man in the best sense of the word. It betrays a regard for rectitude that would render him trustworthy under every trial.

An old salt, when asked how he felt during a recent severe gale which he encountered at sea, replied, in all sincerity and simplicity—"Why, I thought, what will the poor fellows on shore do now?"

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Beforehanded.

BY J. E. M'C.

"Please, ma'am, will you give me another iron-holder?" said Bridget, appearing in the family sitting-room; "the old one is worn out entirely, and I have blistered my fingers twice trying to use it this morning."

"Take almost any old thing," said the young housekeeper, hurriedly, as she bent with a troubled brow over some work that perplexed her. So Bridget walked away to follow directions.

"I am afraid you will find your iron-holders rather expensive at that rate, Emma," said Aunt Eunice.

"Well, such little things are a real plague, Aunt Una," said her niece. "It seems to me there is always something wanting, if you keep house. I have sometimes half a notion to persuade Edward to give it up and go to boarding."

"Which would be only 'jumping out of the frying pan,' my dear. Where you have one thing to annoy you now, you would have a dozen then. The true way to get along with regard to these little household demands, which are continually coming up, is to be beforehanded. The advice a talented, practical writer gives to literary men on this subject is just as useful to housekeepers. 'It is a most important element of success in life to acquire the habit of being beforehand with whatever you undertake.' And do not think it is beneath you to apply the principle to even these trifling little household stores. Much of your own comfort and that of your family depend upon them. Besides, it is a great saving of expense. If you give Bridget such permission as that just now, for instance, she will be quite likely to take the first thing that 'comes to hand,' instead of something only fit for such a use." A prediction niece Emma found verified shortly afterwards on going to her ironing-table. A good linen tea-towel had been folded into an unwieldy holder, and was hopelessly scorched and ruined by the morning's service.

"Now, Emma, just make a practice of saving scraps suitable for this purpose, and make up several at a time, which you can store away in some convenient box or drawer kept just for such uses. Pieces of carpeting, bits of an old quilt, almost any odds and ends you may have, may be covered and worked over nicely into these useful articles. A bit of your parlor carpet there might be bound with dress braid and make a very convenient holder to hang back of your stove here, or in the parlor. Keep on hand plenty of paper bags, strong twine, a supply of tea-towels, old linen and muslin rolls, and such like things, in your store-box, and see if it does not prove a treasure to you before even one half year is out."

Bread.

BY ALMINA C. S. ALLARD.

There are many methods of obtaining the same result; but we have found none more simple, and producing as moist, elastic bread, as the following:—

The night before the baking is to be done, for three medium-sized loaves heat two quarts of water a little hotter than you can bear your hand in; put this gradually into as much flour as will make it about the consistence of mush, then leave it to cool; when lukewarm, stir in half a pint of good yeast—poor yeast will not make good bread—and set it where it will keep warm during the night; in the morning it will be light, when it should be kneaded thoroughly upon the moulding board, as its fineness of cells depends upon thorough kneading, and make the dough stiff enough that it will not require the addition of flour the second kneading. After it is well worked, set it again before the fire, and allow it to become very light, when it should be worked again and made into loaves; and when it has risen again it is ready for baking.

The time required for baking depends entirely upon the capacity of your oven, coal making a much hotter fire than wood; but the heat should be slow at first, and steadily sustained until the bread is baked through. As soon as taken from the oven, wash it with a small cloth, and wrap it in several thicknesses of cloth, and allow it to remain until cold; and if your bread is not soft-crust, elastic, and fine-celled, either the flour or yeast must be in fault. If you have buttermilk, or thick sour milk, use it instead of water in making sponge.

SEVILLE ORANGE CUSTARDS.—To one pint of orange juice add one and a half pounds of loaf sugar and the yolks of six eggs. Beat up all well together, and add a stick of cinnamon. Pour this mixture into a saucepan, and stir it unceasingly while it simmers over a slow fire, until it attains the consistency of custard. Strain it through a fine hair sieve, and pour it into glasses; grate a little nutmeg over the top of each.

CHEESE PUDDINGS.—Quarter pound of grated cheese, two ounces of bread crumbs, the yolk of one egg. Beat all these ingredients well together, add half pint of hot milk, pour all into a pudding-dish, and bake for half an hour.

OXFORD DUMPLINGS.—Mix well together the following ingredients:—Two ounces of grated bread, four ounces currants, four ounces of shred suet, a tablespoonful of sifted sugar, a little allspice, and plenty of grated lemon peel. Beat up well two eggs, add a little milk, and divide the mixture into five dumplings. Fry in butter a light-brown color, and serve with wine sauce.

TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

American Fashions for June.

The fashionable world of America seems at present to be in great discomfiture. For many years it has been the custom of the wealthy "exclusives" in our large cities to seize first upon, and introduce, the Parisian fashions, and their riches enabled them to control the styles, if not in shape of garments and arrangement of colors, at least in elegance of material. But in these days, when fortune's wheel with sudden revolution brings to so many unexpected wealth, a new class arises which disputes the ground with those who have so long held sovereign sway, and, with startling innovations upon established rules, the vulgar foot of "shoddy" treads close upon the dainty step of aristocracy. Every new style is instantly seized upon by these fresh and indefatigable votaries at the altar of fashion, and the sensitive olfactories of the original "ton" betray an upward tendency, and the garment or color, however graceful or becoming, receives at once its social verdict and death warrant—"common." The consequence is that the feminine world is more than usual on the alert for something new. The fickle goddess seems just now to have exhausted her stock of originality, while the fair sex clamors impatiently for more. One effect of this strife, and which is moreover a subject of congratulation, is that the ladies seem more independent in the matter of dress, and display a greater variety than heretofore, so that each one can consult her own figure and complexion in material, shape, and color, and yet be tolerably sure that she is arrayed fashionably.

There is a general style, however, which must not be overlooked. Bonnets are in shape very close at the sides, with barely room for a narrow *ruche* of blonde. At the top they are still worn very high, to suit the present style of coiffure, but are slightly flattened. They are constructed of all the ordinary materials for summer wear. Dark Neapolitan braids, trimmed with plain colors or plaids, are the favorites for travelling. Dress hats are made of crepe and of white illusion, adorned with flowers of all descriptions, and trimmings of all kinds are placed at the back of the hat on the edge of the crown.

In outer garments there is displayed an unusual variety. The half-fitting *sacque* is very much in vogue, and of black silk, handsomely trimmed upon the seams, makes a very stylish garment for promenade wear. Plain circulars of medium depth, with hoods of silk or lace, are already much worn, and the same in thin material, *bergé* and *grenadine*, for the very warm weather, will be exceedingly popular. The beautiful *grenadine* shawls, which

have been worn for one or two seasons, with delicate centres and gay borders, are very becoming to tall, slender forms.

Dress goods present the usual variety in fabric and construction. For common wear, light English *bergés*, with plaid trimmings in various devices, are very popular with the young ladies. Though it has been long prophesied that dress-skirts were to be worn this season plain, they seem as yet to be ornamented as heavily as ever. Travelling suits are made of Alpacas and light poplins, either plain or with a narrow stripe. One very pretty suit we have seen. The dress was of drab spring poplin. Around the skirt, about six inches from the bottom, was placed a plaid band of the same material, in colors green and blue. This seems to be a favorite combination. From the lower edge of this band depended loops of inch-wide ribbon, blue and green alternately, in shades to match the plaid. The loops were about four inches apart and three or four inches long. The bonnet was trimmed with wide ribbon to correspond with the dress.

Round hats are made in the Spanish style, very much as last summer. What is called the jockey is the fashionable style in Paris, and resembles nothing which was worn last year; the crown is high and rounded as a veritable jockey's cap, and the brim slants downwards: it is trimmed at the edge with fringe. This form is convenient, but far from graceful; at present it is only adopted by very young girls; let us hope before the summer is over something more elegant will be introduced.

Parasols are mostly of plain colors. The sober hues prevail. The new feature is the brass frame and top, which are becoming almost universal, to the neglect of the old ivory ornaments and handles. A few are seen embroidered with beads, which were the favorites last year, and retain their popularity still to some extent.

Extravagance and display in dress are on the increase, and it is painful to see; indicating as it does in those who indulge their pride and vanity a degree of heartless indifference to the state of the country. We cannot understand how a person can be truly loyal and at the same time expend hundreds or thousands of dollars in expensive foreign silks, laces, or other goods for which gold or its equivalent must be paid, thus adding to public financial difficulty, and a measure of embarrassment to the Government. Such of our ladies as are loyal, should spend as little as possible in the purchase of articles manufactured abroad. They can help or hinder if they will. Who would not rather help? When we see a lady on the street extravagantly dressed, and displaying her costly adornment, we are forced to think she is one of the number who love self more than country.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

INDUSTRIAL BIOGRAPHY. By Samuel Smiles. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This work is original, in that it treats of a large class of men who have as yet received comparatively little attention from the literary world. The inventions and mechanical improvements of these men, have been for years in the constant use of thousands who know little or nothing of the minds which first conceived the grand ideas which have led to great practical results. The fact that this work comes from the pen of the author of "The Life of George Stephenson," will secure it a hearty welcome from the reading public, and it will fill a vacant space in the library of every intelligent mechanic.

RED TAPE AND PIGEON HOLE GENERALS. New York: Carleton.

A merry book, largely descriptive of the lively scenes of camp life, and opening up the everyday mysteries of red-tapeism in a manner perfectly astonishing to unsophisticated civilians. It abounds in independent opinions, from the stand point of a citizen soldier, concerning the management of the army of the Potomac during the Peninsular and later campaigns, and does not spare the commander to whom a grateful nation offered eternal honor, but who was too weak to grasp it.

THOUGHTS ON SABBATH-SCHOOLS. By John S. Hart, L.L.D. Published by Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia.

This little volume contains many new ideas on the subject of Sabbath-school instruction, and is full of good advice for superintendent, teacher and pupil. The plan for graded Sunday-schools is certainly now and untried as yet, but may in the future prove feasible. There are many good hints regarding the character of books now in circulation in Sabbath-school libraries. A large class of works is creeping into these collections consisting of stories which are in reality nothing but exciting novels, glossed over, perhaps, with a slight odor of sanctity, or redeemed by a condensed moral, apologetically inserted ere the romance closes. These books are universally popular with the children, but are not regarded as improving spiritually.

GENERAL GRANT AND HIS CAMPAIGNS. By Julian K. Larko. New York: Derby & Miller.

Anything concerning this hero, who is emphatically the nation's idol and hope at the present hour, will be eagerly received by the American people. The work seems to be a fair and impartial account of the General and his campaigns, involving, of course, almost the entire history of this present war in the West.

We learn that the subject of this sketch is but forty-one years of age; that he has "participated in two great wars; has captured during the present struggle five hundred guns, one hundred thousand prisoners, and a quarter of a million of small arms; has redeemed from Rebel rule over fifty thousand square miles of territory; has reopened to the commerce of the world the mightiest highway on the globe; has stubbornly pursued his settled path in spite of all obstacles, and has never been beaten. All this has been realized not with any desire to gain glory for himself, but for the sole and patriotic purpose of securing the restoration of the Union."

SCHOOL ECONOMY—WICKERSHAM. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Our author is evidently at home on the subjects of which he writes, and the hints thrown out are invaluable to young teachers, especially for those who have not enjoyed the advantages of a thorough course of Normal instruction.

LYRICS OF A DAY; OR, NEWSPAPER POETRY. By a Volunteer in the United States service. New York: Carleton.

The book lays no claim to literary merit, and 'tis well it does not, for it certainly possesses little. There are some good selections made from periodicals, but it does not seem to us that the finest of these popular productions are included in the collection before us. Whittier's *Barbara Frietche*, which we search for in vain, is worth the whole book.

COUNSEL AND COMFORT, Spoken from a City Pulpit. By the author of "Recreations of a Country Parson." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We enjoy the Parson's "Recreations" more than his pulpit work; and yet find in the latter, narrower in scope though it be, many passages of "Counsel and comfort." He can hardly give us too many books. This one contains sixteen sermons on various themes.

THE GOLDEN CENSER. Thoughts on the Lord's Prayer. By John S. Hart, L.L.D. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

There is little to which any one, no matter of what doctrinal persuasion, can object, and much that all Christians will approve in Professor Hart's "Thoughts" on this epitome of all prayer. His book is timely, and well considered, and cannot fail to be of use in leading some to a more reverent use of the Lord's Prayer, and others to the curtailing of superfluous petitions, and the entire abandonment of that shocking familiarity of address to the Divine Being so often heard in our pulpits.

WORK AND PLAY; or, Literary Varieties. By Horace Bushnell. New York: Charles Scribner.

At various times during the last twenty years, Mr. Bushnell has delivered public addresses. While serving the occasion, they yet contained such comprehensive views of the questions discussed, that his friends have desired to have them in an enduring shape. So we have this volume. The author writes with great earnestness, and with captivating eloquence. He is a finished scholar, a close thinker—liberal and progressive. We

doubt not that he sees clearer in many things than when some of the passages in his earlier addresses were written. He would not be a growing and advancing man if this were not so.

AUNT CARRIE'S RHYMES. By James Miller.

This is a book of pleasant little rhymes for the small people. It is gotten up in attractive style, and the pictures that are scattered along the pages are executed with unusual skill and taste, for a small juvenile book.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Great New York Fair.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

I think that you will agree with me that, unfortunate as this war may have been in many particulars, unhappy as is the fearful carnage, and the fratricidal strife, yet it has not proved an evil wholly without present good. By it the rich depths of the American heart have been stirred, and the numberless charities both public and private, and the great sacrifices which have been made, will stand forever recorded in history among the noble developments of the present contest. Conspicuous among these recent manifestations are the numerous "Fairs" in aid of the Sanitary Commission, which have now been held in almost all parts of the North. The great West, with heart and hand ever ready for noble enterprise, commenced the work. New England responded heartily to Chicago and Cincinnati, and soon the great metropolis aroused herself to a similar undertaking. New York, once wide awake, knows no limit to her enthusiasm. The great heart of the city throbbed with irresistible impulse, and the vibrations reached the farthestmost shores of our own country, and thrilled hundreds of loyal hearts beyond the broad Atlantic. For a time the Empire City was as a great maelstrom, appropriating to itself every trade, manufacture, or importation within its reach, and whirling madly in never-ending circles about one absorbing idea—the great Fair. It was a scene beside which Virgil's Carthaginian bee-hive pales in comparison.

At last the "days of preparation" were ended. The "Sanitary" fever reached its culminating point, when one bright April day the rushing, restless public invested the buildings on 14th and 17th streets, and the ball was declared as fairly set in motion. Chance led us through the great metropolis while the excitement was at its height, and unconsciously we found ourselves a drop in

the human tide setting irresistibly in the direction of the great wonder. Bright visions (gleaned from the daily newspapers,) of all that is beautiful and bright either in reality or imagination flitted through our brain as we approached the famous spot. Already in anticipation we realized the dreamy splendors that floated round the old Alhambra in the palmy days of Spain, and our childhood's belief in "Arabian Nights" and Oriental romance was more than equalled by the gorgeous pictures fancy had painted of the great Fair. Dreamily from our pocket we produced that potent agency the "almighty dollar," which gained for us admission through the guarded portal, and treading lightly lest the echo of our footsteps should dispel the fond illusions fancy had thrown around us, we found ourselves at last in the midst of a—grocery store! Shades of Moorish Knights, Aladdin, and Fortunatus! Savory hams and country cheeses were gracefully disposed about the room. Seed-corn and ropes festooned the walls; carnal New Yorkers gratified their fleshly appetites with large supplies of family provisions; obsequious clerks bowed low behind the counters, and the jingle of pennies in the money drawer was musical and interesting, but not at all romantic. But a wide door invitingly open attracted us onward, and here a scene presented itself to our vision which for a moment quite dazzled our eyes, fresh from the tame regions of eggs, butter, and molasses. As we gradually recovered our bewildered senses, however, we found ourselves beside a beautiful rustic bower. About the slender pillars twined the enduring evergreen—and high above the graceful arches at the summit, we read the inscription, "Jacob's Well." Back flew "the untrammelled thought" to the good old days of the patriarchs. Before us sparkled one of the refreshing fountains of the Eastern wilderness; hither came the thirsty flocks, and with them walked the beauteous daughters of the Orient. Rebecca, Leah, Rachel,

with gentle eyes and the springing step of maidenhood. "Have a glass of lemonade, sir? Only six cents!" and our Rebecca was a Fifth Avenue belle, and treated "flocks" of beaux to lemonade at six cents a glass.

At this juncture, Mr. Editor, romance took flight, and in the most business-like frame of mind, we proceeded to take a mental inventory of what we found about us. But pen is inadequate for such enumeration. All climes and lands had liberal offerings made at this great shrine of charity, while our own country of course stood foremost in her gifts. New England vied with Pennsylvania in quantity and variety of mechanical productions; the West poured out freely of her abundance; and New Jersey was there, apparently as much "at home" as though she belonged in the Union, and showing her conservatism and proverbial desire to please everybody, by arraying herself in the garb of all the seasons—spring, summer, autumn and winter. Our heart fails us when we attempt to tell of all we saw that day. We gazed and gazed until our aching eyes could see no longer, and our weary head thrubbed with pain. There was something for every one. Toys and confectionery for the children; wonders in worsted for the young ladies; cigar-cases, smoking-caps, neckties and collars for the gentlemen; china, glassware, and household furniture, that would delight the eyes of a thrifty housewife; ponderous machines; steam engines and cotton gins, for practical manufacturers; ploughs, rakes, hoes, sythes, for farmers; beautiful metallic life-boats, and dear little sailing craft for professional and amateur seamen; books for the literary; and most tempting refreshments for all.

In the old "curiosity shop" we found rare gems for the wonder-loving. Old pagan gods, with countenances indicating most intense pain; the coal-black hand of an Egyptian mummy, one hideous finger encircled by a ring; court-dresses of the time of Marie Antoinette; a veritable coat-of-mail, worn hundreds of years ago by some brave warrior, and other relics far too numerous to mention. But the picture gallery was emphatically the rarest attraction of the fair. There were hundreds of pictures, each one of which was a gem in itself and would well repay a careful study. All our native artists were represented here. Gifford, with his dreamy representations of the "visible sunshine" of an American autumn; Hart, Kensett, Gignoux, all had contributed generously to the collection. Among the more celebrated works we noticed the following: "Washington Crossing the Delaware," portraying the "Father of his Country" as the daring soldier and the brave man, and not the weak old imbecile some artists would give to the nation as the portraits of its idolized hero. Here was that pictured dream, Bierstadt's "Scene in the Rocky Mountains," also Church's "Heart of the Andes," exquisite in detail, grand as a whole; and his "Niagara," displaying that perfection of

genius which has imprisoned the rainbow on the canvas.

We lingered an hour in the apartment devoted to arms and trophies. Here was the coat worn by Ellsworth at Alexandria, and pierced by the bullet which entered his heart. Here were old swords of Revolutionary interest, and numerous banners and arms, relics of the wars of 1812 and 1846. And here we witnessed the strife concerning the beautiful sword, which is to be presented to the general who shall receive most votes from the throng, each vote to be accompanied by one dollar. As we stood curiously scanning the record, a spirited female came beside us, and addressing the young lady in charge, inquired anxiously which candidate was in the advance—"McClellan, by about three hundred votes," was the response. "'Tis a dishonor to our city," and with trembling fingers that scarce could guide the pen, she traced the word Grant, Grant, Grant, in quick succession, twenty-five times, dashed down the pen with five greenbacks at the value of five dollars each, and swept indignantly from the room, amidst the general laugh of the bystanders.

Ten o'clock comes; and our "day at the Fair" is nearly over. From a window far above the throng we stand and survey the charming scene below. And here candor forces us to admit that our fondest anticipations (ere the unfortunate début in the grocery department) are more than realized. It seems more like a splendid dream, or a witching scene in fairy land, than aught that is earthly or tangible. In the centre rises a beautiful floral temple, filled with all the rarest and most lovely flowers. Rich exotics brought from every clime grace this evergreen bower, and the air is faint with the rich perfumes. Thousands of brilliant gas jets throw a dazzling glitter o'er the scene. Below surges the restless crowd, which almost seems a convocation of the nations, so numerous are those who speak a language strange to our American ears. Russians, Germans, Frenchmen mingle in the motley throng, while, in striking contrast with the pale faces about them, stands a group of the strange red men of the forest, arrayed in native dress, and disposing of bows and arrows, and bead-work, manufactured afar in the distant wilds. From below comes up to us the low hum of many voices, like the murmur of falling waters; while over all, resounding through the whole extent of the vast building, float the sublime strains from "Faust" of the "Soldiers' Chorus." We are thrilled and spell-bound by the enchanting scene. Hark! Our reverie is broken by the warning drum-beat, and the great crowd must disperse. Slowly the mass of humanity melts away. Out into the cool fresh air of Heaven—out under the watching stars, and the gay, dazzling Fair is wrapped in the mourning of night, devoid of life, save the solitary watchman within its walls.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"Provide for your own Household."

I remember hearing some time ago a clergyman whose name is familiar to all of you, and who is rendering a service to his day and generation which is equalled by few men living or dead—I remember hearing him say, in a discourse designed especially for the young—"I never expect to see ten as happy years as those which I passed at the West, in good, strong, brave tussling with poverty."

There he stood as he spoke these words, with his strong muscular frame, his face kindled, his whole attitude uttering its manly defiance to the foe he had wrestled with so long and stoutly, and it seemed that his vast congregation must catch the heroic contagion, and feel for that moment, at least, that poverty was not a thing to dread or deprecate after all.

It certainly had done this man no harm. It seldom does one of the true "grit" and fibre. I think it no misfortune to a boy to be born to a heritage of honest poverty. It is likely to prove his blessing and his salvation, while riches are often the curse and the ruin of his youth.

And how much the world owes to her great helpers who have been disciplined, and buffeted, and toughened into masters and leaders, by long years of poverty. A man will work his way up through it courageously, persistently, resolutely, if he has the right material in him; and he will be double the man for all the straggle and hardship, the buffeting and toil that his youth may have had to undergo. But there is another side to this question of poverty, as there is to most things in this world, and it is this other side that I am now to turn towards you, oh my reader.

What is poverty to a woman—a woman delicate, lonely, defenceless, without the strong arm and the loving heart to be alike her shelter and defence? What is poverty to frail and helpless girls, left alone in the world, but the bitterest, darkest, heaviest curse which, saving sin, can befall them? How utterly these must be left in the power of the coarse, the selfish, the vile, with none to defend or rescue them; what a long, unequal, terrible struggle they must have with circumstances, against whose iron bars the feeble hands must beat wearily, or drop down overcome in the heat of the day.

Poverty—why, it wears women down slowly into their graves; its rust eats into every hour of their life; it makes them old before their time; it hangs dark and terrible over the blossoming years of childhood; it is a terror from which there is no escape. The wolf stands at the door, and can a woman's frail hand keep him out?

I know there are some who can. I know there are women who, when circumstances compel them, go out bravely in the world, and taking their place by the side of men, do their work there courageously and well. But for one woman who can do this, how many cannot? Could your wife or your daughters, oh husband and father, for whom I write? Would you be willing that they should?

You who know all that is hard, coarse and selfish—all the worry and annoyance—all the driving and toll of a business life, would you be willing that the tenderly cherished idols of your heart and your fireside should go out into the marts of traffic, encountering its dreadful risks to their womanhood, its fearful odds of shrewdness, and greediness, and cunning, that will always stand against them?

And knowing all this, I wonder, oh, husband of any woman—oh, father of any children, and those children daughters, that you can sleep on your pillow at night—that you can allow a single day to go over your heads without "providing for your own household."

It is not enough that you do this day by day, while you go out and in amongst them. If you are any sort of a man, you are preparing for your death in more senses than one. You know that there is not a day that you can call your own. Have you seen to it, that those who should be dearer than your life will be beyond the reach of want and suffering, beyond the reach and misery of poverty, if death suddenly overtake you?

There is no excuse for you if you have not. It may not be your fault that you have not riches; it may even be your duty not to lay up a fortune. But "life insurance" is within the reach of all, and under its beneficent shadows you can shelter your beloved. Have you availed yourself of this? If you have not, do not let the matter rest. Secure without delay some means of partial support to those you love, when the hand that has toiled and the busy brain which has planned for them lies silent and cold.

Remember how the sin of your thoughtlessness and indolence may be visited in terrible suffering upon the heads of your wife and children. You know what the cold, hard, selfish side of this world is—how often the knowledge of it hardens and embitters the spirit of a strong man. What must it be then to a woman? God forbid that you should make to yourself an idol of gold or silver, or love money for its own sake. But God Himself may work no miracle to save your household from starvation when you are in your grave, if you do not provide for it in some degree.

So I come to you somewhat faint of heart that my woman's words will reach or influence you in this matter; and yet I cannot lay down my pen here oh, husband and father, without solemnly entreating you once more, in the name of your wife and your children, not to rest by night nor pause by day till you have done what you could to rescue from the sorrow and suffering of poverty in case you should die, those who are "of your own household."

V. F. Z.

THE MONTH OF ROSES.

You and I should not let it pass without some recognition and reverence. The heart that is not loyal to Nature, is by so much less loyal to Nature's God.

And this month comes down the broad highway of the year in such bewilderment and intoxication of life and joy, that our hearts go out to meet her for a little while with the gladness and mirth of children.

Oh, June, June! with thy draperies of sunshine, with thy breath of blossoms and thy singing birds, with the glory of thy mornings and the wonder of thy nights, how dost thou come down, witness of God, to this poor, weary, sin-driven old world.

Thou coverest it with the garment of thy grasses, thou healest the stripes made by its winter and its storms, with the soft bandages of thy clovers and daisies, and in a passion of bloom the roses open their fiery beauty over all the land.

So the old earth looks young again—looks glad, too, and pure as we fancy she did when she came from the hand of her Creator, and the morning stars sang for joy over the birth of their new sister.

Oh, earth, it is not always June with thee. Oh, earth, more are the days of thy sorrow than thy gladness. Thy June mornings may sing for joy; thy flowers may bloom; thy streams may shout for very gladness, as they go dancing to the sea, and looking out on thee thus we may forget for a little while that sorrow, and shame, and sin, are amid thee. But we shall not forget it long. It is the third June that the banners have waved and the smoke of battle has hung its dark blue clouds over the land. Will it be the last June? We asked thy sisters before thee, and they did not make answer, and the years only replied to us with the thunder of cannon and the trampling of legions.

We strain our eyes up the long turprike of the future, and our hearts echo the words of the old song—"Is the Cruel War Almost Over?" We hope so. We pray so. Shall the dear old flag wave her fair cloud of stars over the land which has torn and trampled her glory in the dust. And waving there, shall she be the witness of reconciliation and courage and comfort to the people, and a new peace which shall be better than the old.

Soft June winds going to and fro, beautiful June flowers, sanctifying the air with your sweet perfumes, ye cannot answer; ye only come to us doing the will of God, and so in another way, by another path—a path of whirlwind, and storm, and battle—a path in which dwells all human suffering and sacrifice—a path where sublime patience and sublime heroisms walk together, so in that other path is this war "doing the will of God." V. F. T.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Are we becoming a musical people without realizing it? There are indications to that effect. We make and use more music books than any other nation under the sun, especially sacred music books; we are liberal patrons of concerts, and of the opera; and in the manufacture of musical instruments we are doing ourselves much credit. Certain of our manufacturers of pianos have taken care to let the public know how well their instruments were received at the last World's Fair. It

is not boasting to say that no better piano-fortes are made in the world than many made in this country. Perhaps even greater progress has been made among us in the manufacture of another class of instruments; those in which the tones are produced by reeds. Time was when the very name, Reed Instrument, was an abomination in the ears of the musical; for with that name were associated shrill, sharp, ear-tearing sounds, which could be termed musical only by doing violence to truth.

The first marked advance was the introduction of melodeons, a quarter of a century since, the chief improvement in which was the producing tones by drawing the wind through the reeds instead of forcing it through, as had been previously done. Yankee ingenuity discovered that a much better quality of tone was produced in this way, and for the first time reed instruments became tolerable. Being tolerable, and cheap withal, as compared with piano-fortes, a considerable demand arose for melodeons, and their manufacture became an extensive business. Subsequent improvements produced the instrument known as the harmonium, though differing materially from the instruments called by that name in Europe, which still continued, and to this day continue to produce their reedy tones by the process of forcing the wind through the reeds; the same which was discarded here more than twenty years since. As in the case of piano-fortes, iron frames, over-strung, bass and other improvements, have been introduced from time to time, bringing the instrument gradually to its present high state of excellence; so in reed instruments, there has been corresponding, if not even greater gradual progress. Among those who have been most successful in effecting this improvement, are Messrs. Mason & Hamlin of Boston, who have been long known for the excellence of their melodeons and harmoniums. This firm have recently introduced what they term the cabinet organ; having adopted this name as their exclusive trade mark; an instrument embodying the practically valuable improvements which have been made in reed instruments from time to time, and adding some important features, the invention of its makers, which add greatly to its excellence and capacity. These cabinet organs are attracting, as they deserve to do, much interest in musical circles, and are undoubtedly destined to very wide popularity. A round, smooth tone is attained in them, which it is difficult to believe can be produced otherwise than by pipes; they have sufficient volume of tone for small churches, with considerable variety, having from one to twelve stops each. One of their most observable excellences is their power of expression, which is obtained by the use of a simple but effective invention termed the Automatic Bellows Swell. Altogether, the cabinet organs are as much superior to the melodeons and reed organs of former days as the modern piano-forte is to the old harpsichord of our grandfathers.

"TO THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.—Miss Talbot, thirty years lady's-maid in the highest circles of England, Paris, and Spain, will forward full directions in the new and beautiful art of Getting-up the Face and Eyes in the most brilliant style, with other Recipes for the Toilette standing unrivalled. Twenty-four stamps. Address MISS TALBOT, Folkeham, Lincolnshire."

We stumbled unconsciously upon the preceding interesting paragraph in the advertising columns of the London Court Journal. The proposition contained therein struck our unsophisticated mind with astonishment, and for a moment we stupidly stared and silently wondered at the meaning of this strange announcement. For years the young ladies of this continent have been abused and ridiculed for their pale complexions and poor health, while moral reformers and newspaper writers have held up as worthy examples for imitation English girls and English women, who for good health, good sense, and general desirableness, are said to far surpass all other nations on the globe. With all our Fourth of July independence concerning English institutions generally, still long education to this idea had led us gradually to suppose that English femininity was perfection itself in radiant healthfulness, and that the English Court presented a charming array of ruddy cheeks, sparkling eyes, ruby lips, quite dazzling to unaccustomed American eyes. And here, across the brilliant picture of our fancy, steps the cruel and inconsiderate Miss Talbot with brushes, paints, oils, arsenic, belladonna, and what not; touching up a pale tint here, touching out an honest wrinkle there, glossing over an excrescence on the prominent facial organ, removing capillary attractions unbecoming a gentle feminine, extracting or inserting at will a tooth or an eyelash, and renovating ugliness generally, until (as in the humorous fancy of Edgar A. Poe) a young man might indeed unsuspectingly marry his own great grandmother.

The fatal knowledge we have gained from that paragraph has been a great shock to our innocence. True, we have heard of silly creatures who for the sake of a transitory bloom, have indulged in the use of rank poisons, have daubed the countenance with paint, or applied a French enamel whose unnatural tint is easily detected, but we suppose the misguided creatures died long ago in consequence of their folly, or otherwise reaped a merited reward. Never for an instant had we imagined that such a relic of aboriginal barbarism as the unnatural adornment of the human face, was elevated through labor and painstaking to the dignity of "an art," and more than all are we surprised that with the utmost confidence and assurance it is recommended to the especial use of English ladies.

Getting up eyes, forsooth! Can she make the brilliant orb through which the soul fires gleam? Has she "love-lights" in bottles which she applies at will? Has she wit in brown-paper packages which she can make to glitter and sparkle through

these "windows of the soul?" Can she control the heart, and seal or unseal the fountains of tears at pleasure? Give us the face as nature made it, pimpled, freckled, wrinkled, or fallow, it may be, but it matters little if intelligence beams in the joyous eyes, a smile of welcome dances on the lip, and a love-light hovers over all. M. E. B.

THE SANITARY FAIR.

The month has at last arrived in which our city has promised to open to our eyes the hitherto veiled wonders of Logan Square. For months the work of construction and adornment has been going steadily forward; contributions of money and material have been levied from every class of society; manufacturers, trades and professions have given liberally, and there is hardly a man, woman, or child in the city and the adjacent country, who does not feel a personal interest in the great enterprise. The energy and persistency of the ladies in the labor, has been perfectly marvellous. With a zeal worthy of the cause have they prosecuted the work of subscription and collection until (as a nervous young gentleman remarked the other day) "The ladies only smile upon you now in consideration of fifty cents, and an accompanying shake of the hand demands one dollar at least for the 'Sanitary.'" With but few exceptions, however, the "sterner sex" have borne the recent demands upon patience and pocket with wonderful equanimity, and as a general thing have "honored the draft" handsomely.

But in other ways have the ladies shown their devotion and self-sacrifice. Light and dexterous fingers have been busy for months upon fairy creations of muslin, laces, and embroidery, and all day the dear creatures have sat and crocheted the many crochets from their active brains into the fleecy mysteries of worsted work. Their whole lives seem for the present completely wrapped up in "the Sanitary." They can think, talk, dream and work for nothing else. The gentlemen too, have not been idle. There was much for them to do, and their work is well performed. There will be much to see—somewhat to buy. All departments will be represented. The ornamental, the useful, and the useless. The grand-gala day approaches. Doubtless untold wonders are in store for us. Wait and see. M. E. B.

MRS. DENISON'S NEW STORY.

Next month we shall commence Mrs. Denison's new serial story. The title is,

RACHEL;

OR, WAS IT FATE OR PROVIDENCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following are respectfully declined: "Marcus Holmes;" "Books our Best Friends;" "Breaking Rules." Also, M. A. V. C.'s, pleasant letter from her Western home, for which we cannot make room.

